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### SCHOOL STATISTICS.

'Twas Saturday night, and a teacher sat
Alone, her task pursuing:
She averaged this and she averaged that,
Of all that her class was doing.

She reckoned per centage—so many boys,
And so many girls, all counted;
And marked all the tardy and absentees,
And to what all the absence amounted.

Names and residence wrote in full,
Over many columns and pages—
Yankee, Teutonic, African, Celt,
And averaged all their ages.

The date of admission of every one,
And cases of flagellation;
And prepared a list of the graduates
For the coming examination.

Her weary head sank low on her book,
And her weary heart sank lower,
For some of her pupils had little brain,
And she could not furnish more.

She slept; she dreamed; it seem'd she died,
And her spirit went to Hades:
And they met her there with a question fair,
"State what the per cent. of your grade is."

Ages had slowly rolled away,
Leaving but partial traces
And the teacher's spirit walk'd one day
In the old familiar places.

A mound of fossilized School Reports
Attracted her observation,
As high as the State House dome, and as wide
As Boston since annexation.

She came to the spot where they buried her bones,
And the ground was well built over;
But laborers digging threw out a skull
Once planted beneath the clover.

A disciple of Galen, wandering by,
Paused to look at the diggers,
And picking the skull up, looked through the eye
And saw it was lined with figures.

"Just as I thought," said the young M. D.,
"How easy it is to kill 'em;"—
Statistics ossified every fold
Of cerebrum and cerebellum.

"It's a great curiosity, sure," said Pat,
"By the bones can you tell the creature?"
Oh, nothing strange," said the doctor, "that
Was a nineteenth century teacher."

### DEATH OR MARRIAGE.

The ancient clock in Deacon Shermer's old-fashioned kitchen was slowly chiming the hour of nine. It was no smart toy, no trifle of bronze or alabaster, but a tall, square, solid relic of the past century, looking not unlike a coffin case set on end, in the corner—a clock that had lasted through four generations and, judging from appearances, was quite likely to last through several more. Deacon Shermer cherished the old heir-loom with a sort of pride which he himself would scarcely have confessed to.

There was a great, ruddy fire of chestnut logs in the red brick-paved fire-place; and the candles in the bright-polished brass sticks were winking merrily from the high wooden mantel where they shared the post of honor with a curious sea-shell and a couple of vases, each containing a fresh osage-orange from the hedge that skirted the clover field behind the barn. At the window a curtain of gaudy chintz shut out the tens of thousands of stars that were shining brightly on that frosty autumn night, and on the cozy rug of parti-colored rags a fat tortoise-shell cat purred away the slowly lapsing minutes. But the tortoise shell cat was not the only inhabitant of the snug farm-house kitchen.

"Timothy!" said Mary Shermer, decidedly, "if you don't behave yourself I'll——"

What she would do, Mary did not say; the sentence was terminated by a laugh that set the dimples round her mouth in motion, just as a beam of June sunshine plays across a cluster of red ripe cherries.

Mary Shermer was just seventeen—a plump, rosy girl, with jet-black hair, brushed back from a low forehead, and perfectly arched eyebrows, that gave a bewitching expression of surprise to a pair of melting hazel eyes. She was rather dark; but the severest critic would not have found fault with the peach-like bloom upon her cheeks, and the dewy red of her full, daintily-curved lips. Evidently Mr. Timothy Marshall was quite satisfied with Mary's peculiar style of beauty.

"Come, Mary!" said Tim, moving his chair where he could best watch the flush of the fire-light upon her face, and picking up the thread of the conversation where he had dropped it, when it became necessary for Mary to bid him "behave himself"—"you might promise. It's nine o'clock, and your father will soon be home."

"Promise what, Tim?" said Mary, demurely, fitting a square of red in her patch-work, and intently observing the effect.

"Nonsense, Mary! You know what very well. Promise to marry me before Christmas! I will tell you what, Mary, it's all very well for you to keep putting a fellow off, but I can't stand it. What with your father's forbidding me the house, and that romantic Tom Stanley's coming here every Sunday night——."

Mary gave her pretty head a toss. "As if Mr. Stanley's coming here made any difference in my feelings, Tim!"

"No, but, Mary, it isn't pleasant you know; I'm as good a man as Tom Stanley, if I don't own railroad shares and keep an account at the Hamiltonville Bank; and I love you, Mary, from the very bottom of my heart! Now this matter lies between you and me only; no other person in the world has a right to interfere between us. Come—promise me!" He held both her hands in his, and looked earnestly into the liquid hazel eyes.

"Do you love me, Mary?"

"You know I love you, Tim."

"Then we may just as well—hush! what's that?"

There was a portentious sound of drawing bolts and rattling latches in the porch-room beyond—a scraping of heavy boots along the floor. Mary rose to her feet, with a sudden scarlet suffusing brow and cheeks.

"Oh, Tim, it's father!"

"Suppose it is?"

"But he must not find you here, Tim! Hide yourself somewhere—do!"

"What nonsense, Mary!" said the young man, resolutely standing his ground. "I haven't come to steal spoons. Why should I creep away like a detected burglar?"

"For my sake, Tim. Oh, Tim, if you ever loved me, do as I say. Not in that closet; it is close to his bed-room; not through that window; it is nailed down tight. He's coming—he's coming. Here, Tim, quick!"

And in the drawing of a breath, she had pushed Timothy Marshall into the square pendulum case of the tall old clock and turned the key on him. It was not a pleasant place of refuge, inasmuch as his shoulders were squeezed on either side, and his head flattened against springs and wheels above, and the air was unpleasantly close; but Tim made the best of matters and shook with suppressed laughter in his solitary cell.

"Well, a jolly scrape to be in," thought Tim, "and no knowing when I'll be out of it. Mary's a shrewd little puss, however, and I can't do better than leave the matter in her hands."

"So you haven't gone to bed yet, Mary?" said the Deacon Shermer, slowly unwinding the two yards of woolen scarf with which he generally encased his throat of an evening.

"Not yet, father," said Mary, picking up her patch-work with a glowing cheek. "Did you have a pleasant meeting?"

"Well, yes," quoth the Deacon, reflectively, sitting down before the fire, greatly to Mary's consternation—she had hoped he would have gone to bed at once, according to his usual custom—"it was tol'ably pleasant. Elder Huskier was there, and Elder Hopkins, and—well, all the church folks pretty much. Why, how red your cheeks are, Mary! Tired, ain't you? Well, you needn't sit up for me, my dear; it must be getting late."

The Deacon glanced mechanically round at the clock. Mary felt the blood grow cold in her veins. "Twenty minutes past nine—why, it must be later than that! Why, land o' Canaan! the old clock's stopped; nor was it wonderful, under the circumstances. "I wound it up this mornin', I'm sartain," said the deacon, very much disturbed. "It never sarved me such a trick afore, all the years its stood there. Your Aunt Jane used to say it was a sign of a death or a marriage in the family before the year was out."

There was a suppressed sound like a chuckle behind the clock case as Deacon Shermer fumbled on the shelf for the clock key. These springs must be out of order somehow," said the deacon decisively. "How scared you look, child! There ain't no cause for bein' scared. I don't put no faith in your Aunt Jane's old-time superstition. Where in the name of all possessed that key? I could ha' declared I left it is in the case."

"Isn't it on the shelf, father?" asked Mary, guiltily, conscious that it was snugly reposing in the pocket of her checked gingham dress.

"No, nor 'taint in my pocket neither." And down went the deacon, stifly enough, on his knees to examine the floor, lest perchance the missing key might have fallen there.

"Well, I never knowed anything so strange in all my life," said the deacon.

"It is strange," faltered hypocritical Mary.

"I'll have a rag'lar search to-morrow," said Deacon Shermer. "It must be somewhere around."

"Yes, it must," said Mary tremulously.

"Only," the deacon went on, slowly resuming his place before the fire, "I kind o' don't like to have the old clock stand still a single night. When I wake up, you know, it seems like it was sort o' talking to me in the stillness. The deacon looked thoughtfully at the firey back log. Mary fidgeted uneasily about the room, straightening table-covers, setting back chairs, and thinking—oh, if he only would go to bed!

As he sat there, his eyelids began to droop, and his head to nod somnolently. Mary's eyes lighted up with a sparkle of something like hope.

"Child," he said, suddenly straightening himself up in the stiff backed chair, "you had better go to bed. I'll sit up a while longer till the logs burn out."

"But, father, I'm not sleepy."

"Go to bed, my child," reiterated the deacon, with good humored authority that brooked no opposition; and Mary crept out of the room, ready to cry with anxiety and mortification.

"If Tim will only keep quiet a little while longer," she thought, sitting on the stairs where the newly-risen moon streamed in in chilly splendor.

"Father sleeps so soundly—and he is sure to go to sleep in his chair. I could steal in and release him as quietly as possible."

She sat there, her plump fingers interlaced and her eyes fixed dreamily on the floor, while all the time her ears were strained to the utmost capacity to catch every sound in the kitchen beyond. Hark! was that the wail of the wind? or was it something to her literally "nearer and dearer?" Yes, she could not be mistaken now; it was actually a snore.

Mary rose softly to her feet with renewed hope. Surely now was the accepted time. Noiselessly as the floating shadow she crossed the hall, opened the kitchen door, and stole across the creaking boards of the floor. The candles were burned out, but the shifting lustre of the firelight revealed her father nodding before the fire, with closed eyes, and hands hanging at his side.

"He is certainly asleep," thought she.

With a heart that beat quick and fast, like the strokes of a minature hammer, she drew the key from her dress pocket, and proceeded, in spite of the nervous trembling of her fingers, to fit it into the lock. So absorbed was she in her task that she never noticed the sudden cessation of the heavy breathing—never saw the deacon start suddenly into wakefulness and look around him. Love is blind, and it is equally true that it is deaf. The deacon rose quietly up with a shrewd twinkle in his eyes, and Mary gave a little frightened shriek as a hand fell softly on her arm, possessing itself quietly of the key.

"Let me help you!" said Deacon Shermer.

"Father, I—I found the key," faltered Mary "and—"

"Found the key, eh?" returned the deacon. "Well that's lucky; and now we can find out what's the matter with the clock!"

Mary's heart, throbbing so wildly a moment or two ago, seemed to stand absolutely still as Deacon Shermer turned the key and opened the tall door of the clock case.

"Hal—lo!" ejaculated Deacon Shermer, as Mr. Timothy Marshall tumbled laughingly into the room. "So you was the matter with the old clock, eh?"

"Yes, sir," said Tim, composedly. "I hope I haven't seriously interfered with the works of the clock."

"You've seriously interfored with me!" said the deacon, waxing indignant. "What do you mean, sir, by hiding in my house like a thief?"

"Indeed! indeed! father," cried Mary, bursting into tears, "it wasn't his fault. He didn't want to hide, but I put him there."

"You did, eh! And may I ask what for?"

"Father," faltered Mary, rather irrelevantly, "I love him, and—he loves me!"

"Is that any reason why he should hide in the clock-case, miss?"

"No—but—father! oh, father! I can never marry Mr. Stanley. He is so soft, and I——"

Mary's tears finished the sentence for her. The deacon looked down (not unkindly) on her bowed head, and the tender arm that supported it. Apparently "the course of true love," roughly though it ran, was everwhelming all his own wordly-wise arrangements in its tide.

"And so you two young folks really think you love each other?" said the deacon, meditatively.

"I love her with all my heart and soul, sir," said Tim Marshall, earnestly. "I'm not rich, I know, but I can work for her."

"And I can work for myself, too, father," interposed Mary, with eyes that shone like softened stars.

"And you said yourself, sir," went on Tim, "that the stopping of the clock meant either 'a death or a marriage.' Of course we don't want any deaths; so don't you think the most sensible thing we can do is to help on a marriage as soon as possible?"

The deacon laughed, in spite of himself. "It's late," he said. "Come around to-morrow morning and we'll talk about it. No, Mary, I'm not angry with you, child. I suppose young folks will be young folks, and there's no use tryin' to stop them!"

And as the deacon re-hung the pendulum and set the iron tongue of the old clock talking again, Tim Marshall paused on the front door step to whisper to Mary: "What shall it be, Mary?—a death or a marriage?"

And she in turn whispered: "A marriage, I hope."

"My darling!" said Tim, "it's worth passing a lifetime behind the clock-case to feel as I do now!"

◆

RABBITS WITH SNOW SHOES.—High up on the Rocky Mountains, where the snow lies deep and white the long year through, and the winds blow cold and sharp, live the rabbits with snow shoes that I want to tell about.

They are beautiful creatures. Their fur is pure white, very soft and warm, and they leap with wonderful quickness over the snow; for God, who knew just where their home would be and how they would have to run on top of the deep snow, provided them with long, broad feet on the hind legs, which are just as good for rabbits as the great long snow shoes are for men, for they keep them from breaking through the delicate snow crust or sinking in the feathery flakes.

These wonderful snow shoes which God made, which fit each foot and which never wear out, serve them well, enabling them to run lightly over the soft snow, where nothing can follow them. No dog can reach them, for he will break through at every leap and flounder in the snow drifts, while the rabbit runs on a broad, smooth pathway over the mountain gorges, where the snow lies sixty or seventy feet deep.—*Child's Treasury.*

### Grange Secrets Revealed.

HOW INITIATIONS ARE CONDUCTED.

On being brought into the ante-room of the lodge (Greengrocer Temple, No. 101,) I was told that I had been ballotted for and accepted. My informant, who was securely masked by what I afterwards learned was a large burdock leaf, perforated with holes for the eyes, told me that if I valued my life it would be necessary for me to strip. As I did think it of considerable worth to me, and as he italicised his wishes by carelessly playing with a seven-shooter, I withdrew from my garments with eagerness. My masked friend then furnished me with the regalia of the first degree—called "The Festive Ploughboy"—which consisted merely of one large cabbage leaf attached to a waistband of potato vines. In this airy costume I was conducted to the door, where my companion gave three distinct raps. (I was securely blindfolded by binding a slice of rutabaga over each eye.) A sepulchral voice from within asked: "Who comes?"

My guide answered—A youthful agriculturist who desires to become a granger.

Sepulchral voice—Have you looked him carefully over!

Guide—I have, noble gate-keeper.

S. V.—Do you find any agricultural marks about his person!

Guide—I do.

S. V.—What are they!

Guide—The candidate has carroty hair, reddish whiskers and a turnup nose.

S. V.—'Tis well. Why do you desire to become a granger!

Guide, (answering for candidate.)—That I may thereby the better be enabled to harrow up the feelings of the rascally politicians.

S. V.—You will bring in the candidate. My worthy stripling, as you cannot see, I will cause you to feel that you are received at the door on the three points of a pitchfork, piercing the region of the stomach, which is to teach you the three great virtues—faith, hope and charity. Faith in yourself, hope for cheaper farm machinery, and charity for the lightning-rod peddler. You will now be harnessed, and in representation of the horse, Pegasus, will be tested as to endurance and wind.

The candidate is here attached to a small imitation plow, by means of a hempen harness. A dried pumpkin vine is put in his mouth for a bit and bridle, he is made to get down on all fours, the guide seizes the bridle, and urged on by a granger armed with a Canada thistle, which he vigorously applies at the *terminus* of the spine, the candidate is galloped three times around the room. While making the circuit the members arise and sing:

Get up and dust, you bully boy!
Who wouldn't be a granger?
If the thistle's prick don't cause you joy,
To feeling you must be a stranger!

After this violent exercise he is rubbed dry with corncobs, beeswaxed where thistled, and brought standing up before the great chief, the most worshipful pumpkin-head.

M. W. P. H.—Why do you desire to be a granger?

Candidate (answering for himself)—That I may learn to extinguish sewing-machine agents.

M. W. P. H.—Have your hands been hardened with toil?

Candidate—Not extensively; but, then, I am not running for office.

M. W. P. H.—'Tis well, for our lodges contain several who are supposed to be ready to sacrifice themselves for the good of their constituents. Do you feel pretty smart this evening?

Candidate—Yes, where the bustle goes on.

M. W. P. H.—(savagely)—Give me a chaw of tobacco.

Candidate searches himself thoroughly, but as there is no place about him to stick a pocket, tries to explain, but the most worshipful pumpkin-head interrupts him with:

"Never mind, my dear young friend—I am well aware that in your present condition you can no more furnish your friends with the weed than Adam could be comfortable in a plug hat and tight boots. It is merely to teach you the great lesson of economy—doing to others as you'd like to have them do to you. You will now be conducted to the most eminent squash producer, who will teach you the grand hailing sign of distress. The sign, my worthy brother, will insure you against many of the ills of agriculturists—amongst others, against drouths and being bit by ferocious grasshoppers.

The candidate is now conducted to the most eminent squash producer, who thus says: "My worthy brother, I will now invest you with the order of the Festive Ploughman, which you have well won by your heroic achievement while harnessed—may you ever wear it with pleasure to yourself, and may it be a means of terror to your enemies."

(The M. E. S. P. then proceeds to invest the candidate with the regalia of the Festive Ploughman, which consists of a long tomato necklace.) The grand hailing sign of distress is made by gently closing the left eye, laying the right forefinger alongside the nose, and violently wagging the ears. It requires practice, but the advantages are intense. It also has an important signification, which you will do well to heed. The closing of the eye signifies that in all your dealings with mankind you are bound to have an eye to business. Laying the finger alongside the nose is emblematical of wisdom, and places you at once among the "knowing ones." This is extremely handy in prognosticating new weather, and saves the wear and tear of almanacs. Wagging the ears signifies sublimity of purpose, and is thought to be emblematical of childhood's happy hours. It is also supposed by some profound scholars to have a distinct reference to apple dumplings, but this fact is somewhat obscure by the dust of ages. In token that you are one of us, you will now be branded. This ceremony is very impressive, and consists of two brands. They are both applied "while the iron is hot," and consist of one letter of the alphabet each. The first is a large letter S, on which you will please sit while the other letter is applied to the stomach. The letter S, my worthy chicken, signifies scooped, and refers to railroad monopolies. It is also supposed to indicate the seat of learning—the spot where the old-time teacher hunted for brains with the ferule. The second letter is C, and is applied, as I said before, to the stomach. It has a double meaning. First, the application is an agricultural one, "corn-crib," and has reference to the stomach as being the great receptacle for Bourbon whisky. But, brother, do not be diligent in finding a home market for your corn. The second application of the letter C, my distracted infant, is got hold of as follows: When one granger desires to ascertain "for sure" if there is another of the Order in the room, he raises himself gently by the slack of his—of his unmentionables—scratches his off thigh with his near hoof, and remarks in a voice of thunder: "Are there any grangers about?" The answer is "Jeese wax." The inquirer then says: "Let us see," (letter C,) and the other party must immediately pull out his stomach and disclose the brand.

These brands are applied in such a manner that I am enabled to assure you that they will wash.

I was here interrupted, Mr. Editor, by a volley fired into the open window, evidently intended for me. Fortunately I escaped without a scratch, and, which is of more consequence, succeeded in fetching off my precious manuscript. This is about all there is in the ceremony of any importance. I must leave the country at once—armed men are at my heels—they know that I am writing to expose them. You may hear from me again by mail, if I should deem it best to expose the other degrees—until then—adieu.

From your sacred friend,
B. POLE.

NOTICE.—This ceremony of initiation is used during the absence of the lady members. Their initiatory ceremonies are entirely different, being much simplified, as they should be.—*Enterprise.*

◆

RHYMES ON THE WOMEN'S CRUSADE.—The woman's movement has brought out the poets. There is one specimen which concludes:

Rouse thee! O despondent brother,
Cheer with hope these days of pain;
When this whisky war is over,
You bet we'll all get drunk again.

The Brooklyn *Argus* man's attempt is in this way:

Ohio's ransom speeds apace—
Is daily growing surer,
Since woman's dulcet voice essayed
The praise of *Aqua Pura.*
Proud State! a pitying nation prays
For some assuring token;
Thy nose bleached to its native hue—
Thy whisky vessels' broken.

Rev. Thomas K. Beecher thinks that religion suffers about as much as the liquor business by the sidewalk prayer-meetings. "The specially bad feature," says Mr. Beecher, "is the prostitution of prayer, making of it a sidewalk pastime." And then he asks how the following would do as an additional stanza to Montgomery's hymn:

"Prayer is the Buckeye woman's dodge
To stop the rum-shop door.
They hear her prayer and run away,
And never drink no more."

What will not woman do for the man she loves:

Her hand was first to reach and drag
The bottle from the shelf—
"It is your curse, dear John," she said,
And drank it up herself.

A victim of the new crusade gives vent to his pent up feelings thusly:

They have ruined me utterly, Mary;
All day long I do nothing but growl,
And sit up half the night, dearest Mary,
In my desolate bar-room and howl.

This from the *Commercial Advertiser*, New York:

There was a reformer named Lewis;
Christened Dio (my narrative true is),
Who led a crusade,
Providing folks paid
Fifty dollars to "see" Dio Lewis.

Another warbles:

I saw the tear drop on her nose,
Prismatic glories shed;
I saw the bow of anguish bend
O'er her curl-tangled head.

I saw the conflict of her soul—
The pain that wrung her brow:
"Take back the bottle, John," she sobbed,
"I cannot smash it now."

◆

IN Wright's History of Perry county is the following paragraph: "There is a room in the house now occupied by Francis Gibson, Esq., Spring township, Perry county, Pa., in which occurred the births of John B. Gibson, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, George Gibson, Commissary of the United States, Dr. John Bernheisel, the Mormon, who first represented the Mormons in Congress, Hon. John Bigler, Governor of California from 1852 to 1855, and Hon. William Bigler, Governor of Pennsylvania from 1852 to 1855, still living in Clearfield, Pa."

### THE BARDS IMPROVED.

Peter Knight was found wandering in the Fourteenth Ward. The officer could not determine whether he was intoxicated or crazy; but, as he said he had no home, he was taken in charge as a vagrant. He was traversing the streets, with folded arms, talking to himself odd bits of plays and poems. He possessed a facility of quotation equal to Richard Swiveller, esq., but he was as reckless about the exactitude of his extracts, and jumbled up his authorities with as much confusion as Captain Cuttle himself. He seldom gave a quotation right, but would break off in the middle and substitute some words of his own, or dovetail in an irrelevant piece from some strange author, or mix up half a dozen authors with interpolations of his own, in an inextricable verbal jumble.

Clerk—What's your name?

Prisoner—Peter Knight; am a native to the "marrow bone"—that's Shakespear.

Clerk—Was you intoxicated yesterday?

Prisoner—'Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis there isn't the devil a doubt of it—that's Scott.

Clerk—Where did you get your liquor?

Prisoner—Where the bee sucks, there sucks Peter Knight all day. Thou base, inglorious slave, think'st thou I will reveal the noble name of him who gave me wine? No siree, Bob—that's Beaumont and Fletcher.

Officer (in a whisper)—If you don't tell you'll have to go to jail.

Prisoner—I do remember an apothecary, and hereabouts he dwells—no he don't he lives over in the Bowery—but in his needy shop a codfish hangs, and on his shelves a beggarly account of empty bottles. Noting this penury to myself, I said if any man did need a brandy punch, whose sale is $50 fine in Gotham, here lives a caitiff wretch who has probably got plenty of it under the counter. Why should I here conceal my fault? Wine, I cried. The call was answered. I have no wine, said he, but plenty of whis——. Silence! then, pernicious caitiff, quoth I; thou invisible spirit of wine, since we can get thee by no other name, why, let us call thee gin and sugar. He brought the juice of cursed juniper in a phial, and in the porch of my throat did pour Udolpho Wolfe's distilment. Thus was I by a Dutchman's hand at once despatched—not drunk nor sober—sent into this dirty station house three-quarters tight, with all my imperfections on my head. The fellow's name? My very soul rebels. But whether is it nobler in the mind to suffer the cuffs and bruises of this bloody Dutchman, or to take arms against his red-haired highness and by informing end them? I go and it is done. Villain, here's at thy heart! His name, your Honor, is Bob Blesnoffkin, in the Bowery. That's Shakespeare mixed.

Clerk—Have you got a home?

Prisoner—My home is on the deep sea—that's Plutarch's Lives.

Clerk—How do you get your living?

Prisoner—Doubt thou the stars are fire; doubt that the sun doth move; doubt truth to be a liar; but never doubt that I'll get a living while the oyster sloops don't have but one watchman—that's Billy S. again.

Clerk—Do you pay for your oysters?

Prisoner—Base is the slave that pays; the speed of thought is in my limbs—that's Byron.

Clerk—Do you steal them and then run away?

Prisoner—I've told thee all; I'll no more though short the story be; let me go back where I was before, and I'll get my living without troubling the Corporation—that's Tom Moore altered to suit circumstances.

Justice (evidently at a loss, in a whisper, to mystified clerk—I think he's crazy; what do you think it's best to do with him?

Prisoner (overhearing)—Off with his head; so much—that's Shakespeare curtailed.

Justice—Will you promise to dispense with the brandy and gin if you are discharged?

Prisoner—Oh, I could be happy with either were t'other dear charmer bottled up and the cork put in—that's Dibdin, with a vengeance.

Judge—What do you suppose will become of you if you go on in this way, living as you have done?

Prisoner—Alas, poor Yorick!—Peter I mean. Who knows where he will lay his bones; few and short will the prayers be said, and nobody'll feel any sorrow; but they'll cram him into his clay-clod bed, and bury somebody else on top of him to-morrow; the minister will come, put on his robe, and read the service; the choir'll sing a hymn; earth to earth and dust to gravel, and that'll be the last of Peter Knight.

Clerk—Peter we'll have to send you up for ten days.

Prisoner—Fare the well, and if forever all the better—that's Byron revised and corrected.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

◆

THE "PATENT INSIDE" EDITOR.—The Louisville *Courier-Journal* tells the following: The editor of a newspaper which wears a patent inside should be very careful about writing sarcasm for his outside. At Nashville there is an establishment which prints the insides of a great number of the weekly journals of Tennessee, and the editor of the sprightly Lebanon *Herald*, Dr. R. C. White, receives his inside from the Nashville concern. Dr. White, having seen in the daily *Union and American*, of Nashville, the poem called, "All Quiet Along the Potomac," sat down and wrote for his outside a very sarcastic paragraph upon the folly of the Nashville daily in publishing such verses. Mr. Bell, of the *Union and American*, read Dr. White's sarcasm. Instead of snatching up a pen and writing down Dr. White a howling idiot and midnight assassin, Mr. Bell quietly picked up a pair of scissors and cut "All Quiet Along the Potomac" from the *Union and American* containing it, then leisurely walked down to the establishment where Dr. White's inside is printed, and gave the poem to the editor of the patent insides, requesting its publication. The verses were accepted, and when Dr. White got his next inside from Nashville it had "All Quiet Along the Potomac" in as conspicuous a position as his worst enemy could have wished to see it after reading his sarcasm. If news comes from Tennessee that Dr. White has resumed the control of his own inside, his friends in other parts of the country will understand the change.

◆

THIS is the latest song of the granger politician:

"The hickory berry vine entwines
The brown nuts of the turnip tree;
The cashmere heifer skips and plays
To the tuneful bleat of the feathery bee,
On all the boughs 'mid the buckwheat bulls
We hear the low of the finny plover,
While the bay bull hitched to the running scythe
Husks out the golden clover."

# THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - March 20, 1874.

Hon. Charles Sumner, who died suddenly in Washington on the 11th inst., was beyond question the master mind of the United States Senate.

◆

The Attorneys who prosecuted the Ring thieves in New York have been heard from. Tremaine and Peckham charged the city $75,000 fees. O'Conor gave his services gratuitously.—The latter is a democrat.

◆

On last Monday the Court of Dauphin county (Harrisburg) granted an order for the release of the notorious embezzler, George O. Evans, on entering bail in the sum of $25,000 for his appearance, at the coming April term of the court, to take the benefit of the insolvent law. The failing condition of Evans' health is given as the reason why he was admitted to bail for the purpose above mentioned. Thus ends the *last* chapter in as gross a fraud as ever was perpetrated on the treasury of this or any other State.

◆

Hon. H. H. McCormick, of Pittsburgh, the present speaker of the House, has been nominated to the Senate by the President as U. S. District Attorney for the Western District of this State. He succeeds R. Bacher Swoope, lately deceased.—There is a wide difference of opinion amoung the redical papers in Pittsburgh on the question of Mr. McCormick's fitness for the responsible position. We know nothing about him, and will only say that if there should be any trouble about his conformation by the Senate, it may all be referred to U. S. Grant, who is more powerful than U. S. Senates, who is responsible for all such appointments to responsible State offices.

◆

The Democratic victory in New Hampshire at the recent election was complete. Last year the Radicals had a majority of 3,800 on the popular vote, while this year their candidate for Govenor fails of an election by the people. The Democrats have carried eight of the twelve Senatorial districts and have a majority of from ten to fifteen in the House, which will enable them to elect Meston Govenor, the law in that State being that an election can only be secured by a clear majority over all competitors, and the Democratic nominee having failed to overcome the vote of the Radical and Temperance candidates both, the matter goes to the Legislature for a final decision. The result is highly gratifying, nevertheless, and is only the beginning of the end.

◆

Among the proceedings of the House of Representatives at Harrisburg on last Friday, we find that Mr. Henry, the member from this county, presented a bill "to provide for the transfer of the business and records of certain courts abolished by the constitution and repealing the acts creating the same." We do not precisely understand the object of Mr. Henry's bill. It seems to us that it is intended to absolutely repeal and destroy the District Court of this county. Mr. Henry has always been a friend of that Court, and has ever been ready to place it by legislation on what he no doubt regarded as a firm and staple foundation. We have heard of late days a great many rumors about contemplated legislation in reference to the District Court of Johnstown, in which Mr. Henry would co-operate, and that too with the consent and approbation of citizens within the limits of the Court. We know nothing about the political arrangement and publish this notice of Mr. Henry's bill merely as an item of news, leaving our readers to draw their own conclusions and await further developments.

◆

The finances of the State for 1874 are evidently in an unsatisfactory condition. We do not comprehend how they could well be otherwise, when we reflect on the enormous and profligate expenditure of the public money by the present Legislature. It is very plain that if the Legislature makes the appropriation of one million of dollars to the Centennial Exhibition, as it proposes to do, then, in order to meet that demand on the treasury and pay the other expenses of the State government, the law will have to be restored which imposes a tax on the entire real estate of the commonwealth.

The State Treasurer, R. W. Mackey, has proposed a financial statement showing the expenditures for the year 1874, as well as the proposed sources of revenue from which to meet them. It is as follows and is not calculated to inspire public confidence:

Expenditures of the Commonwealth for the year ending November 30, 1873, $6,734,-034, including reduction of the State debt of $1,552,162.

| | |
|---|---|
| Estimated expenditures of 1874 | $5,050,000 |
| Estimated revenues for 1874 from sources other than corporation taxes | 2,170,000 |
| Leaving amount to be raised by corporation taxes in 1874 | 3,830,000 |
| Entire amount which can be calculated on absolutely in 1874 from unbisputed sources | 1,926,500 |
| Leaving deficiency in income for year | $1,903,500 |

It is proposed to supply this deficiency by imposing taxes under two bills now before the Legislature, which will give prospective sources of revenue as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Increased tax on railroad stock | $800,000 |
| Tonnage tax | 250,000 |
| Tax on anthracite coal | 600,000 |
| | $1,650,000 |

Even with the two tax bills, as proposed, there will be a deficiency of $253,00 for the year. If the railroad corporations do not pay their taxes, an assessment of four mills will have to be levied upon the entire real estate of the Commonwealth.

In issuing the first number of the Echo and Voice it is proper that we should plainly indicate the course we intend to pursue. So far as politics are concerned, we will say that we shall unswervingly act with the Democracy. Having firm faith in the party organization, believing that its establishment in power in the State and National Government will relieve us from the onerous burdens we now bear—will give us an honest and capable administration of our affairs, and once more restore unity and good feeling the length and breadth of the country, we shall zealously work for its success. While we shall at all times indicate freely and fearlessly our views of what should be the policy of the party, yet when its regular organizations shall meet, enunciate a policy and present candidates, no personal spite nor dislike, no desire to aggrandize ourselves, will swerve us from a hearty support of the nominees. Desiring no candidacy ourself, we will be free from any personal chagrin at the success of any candidate before the conventions of the party, and, hence, can cheerfully bow to the will of the majority in the selection of standard-bearers.

A party journal is practically the property of the party organization with which it unites; by the support of the members of the party alone is it sustained; hence, we shall consider ourself fully repaid, abundantly rewarded, amply compensated, when we receive the reward of our labor by the organization sustaining our paper.

We promise to give our patrons a faithful party organ—an organ which will not be induced to swerve from the path of duty by any side issues which may be raised, let the personal advantage hold out, as a reward be ever so great.

The foregoing extract is taken from an article in a new paper styled the *Echo and Voice*, the first number of which was published in Johnstown last week. The paper is a union of the late *Voice and Echo*, the name of James F. Campbell appearing as its publisher, and the substance of the paper itself shows that he is also its editor. How this unnatural political union of the *Echo and Voice* was brought about we do not profess to know, nor do we care much about discussing the reasons or ulterior objects of it. The manifesto of Mr. Campbell is certainly high sounding in its devotion to Democratic measures and Democratic candidates, and yet the Democracy of Cambria, knowing him well and fully understanding his past political career in this county, will be forced to exclaim as did Macbeth to the murdered ghost of Banquo:

"Take any shape but *that!*"

We are fully warranted in saying this from the political course Mr. Campbell has pursued in this county for the last two two years as the editor of the *Mountain Voice*. He was the friend and advocate of Samuel Henry against John Hannan in 1872 and against Henry Scanlan in 1873. He has exerted his utmost power and all the influence of his *Voice*, not in favor of the Democrat party, its organization and its candidates, but in the especial interest and election of Samuel Henry, who never voted for a Democratic in his life, except at the late borough election in this place, and that was done for reasons other than love for Democratic principles. We know James F. Campbell and respect him as a man of energy and indomitable perseverence. His editoral career has been a peculiar one and without a parallee in the State. We do not desire to have, nor will we have, any *personal* controversy with him. The idea of any *political* controversy with the late editor of Henry's pretended organ in Johnstown is simply out of the question. We will treat him fairly in the new and anomalous position he has assumed. If he *is* a sincere Democrat, and if his extravagant professions in that direction are strictly honest, we say to Mr. Campbell in all kindness, in view of his recent converstion:

"While th lamp holds out to burn
The *vilest* sinner may return."

◆

The Harrisburg *Patriot*, in a recent well written article on the question now before the Legislature relative to the local option law, its repeal or its enforcement, makes the following remarks, which we think are worthy of all consideration and will commend themselves to all the true and sincere friends of temperance throughout the State:

"A license law framed in the light of experience should embody the following points: First, bonds should be required in a sum sufficiently large to take the traffic out of the hands of irresponsible and vicious parties; second, venders should be held strictly accountable for any damage resulting from a violation of the duties imposed by law, which duties should be clearly and minutely defined; and third, the sale of adulterated liquors should be prohibited entirely, and the proper enactment make to carry the provision into effect.—Such a law, properly framed and honestly executed, will do more to promote the cause of temperance than all the prohibitory laws ever devised. It will at the same time relieve the liquor traffic of many of the drawbacks and embarrassments to which it is subjected by continual agitation and changeable legislation, and give it the stability of a legitimate business. The real friends of temperance are beginning to see that their efforts to stop the traffic entirely by making it disreputable on the part of those engaged in it and injurious to its patrons have not only failed of their object but have made matters infinitely worse. The business will be carried on by somebody, and the interests of society demand that it be placed as far as possible in the hands of reputable and responsible men, who will conduct it under proper restrictions in the light of day, and not driven to doggeries and out of the way places where neither law nor public opinion can reach it, and where, without yielding a dollar of revenue, it becomes the source of incalculable crime and misery. The bill reported does not meet a single requirement to which we have alluded. It provides in a brief way for the granting of license and repeals all laws, whether general or local, without imposing conditions or restraints of any kind. It will not likely have any support in the house, and we have taken the occasion not so much to express our views upon the bill as to indicate what we believe to be the public sentiment in relation to this important question."

◆

—The lower houses of the Legislatures of Iowa and Michigan have declared in favor of amending the constitutions of these States so as to extend the suffrage to women.

The twenty-seventh annual report of the Directors of the Pennsylvania Rail Road Company, showing the operations in 1873 of the main line between Philadelphia and Pittsburg, with its branches, was submitted last week. The following figures are interesting, and will give our readers a correct idea of the extent and magnitude of the business of this great corporation. It is a power in the land, even "a power behind the throne greater than the throne itself":

The revenues and expenses of your Main Line between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh during 1873, with its Branches, was as follows:

| RECEIPTS. | | |
|---|---|---|
| From Passengers | $4,169,141.97 | |
| From Emig't Passengers | 230,529.19 | |
| From Mails | 158,287.50 | |
| From Expr's Matter | 450,241.40 | |
| From General Freights | 19,608,555.07 | |
| From Miscellaneous Sources | 262,253.47 | |
| | | $24,886,008.90 |
| **EXPENSES.** | | |
| For Conducting Transportation | $5,664,140.57 | |
| For Motive Power | 4,223,530.52 | |
| For Maintenance of Cars | 1,926,095.53 | |
| For Maintenance of Road | 3,246,832.20 | |
| For General Expenses | 379,706.33 | |
| | | $15,440,305.16 |
| Leaving net earnings for 1873 | | $ 9,445,703.74 |

In the above cost of "Maintenance of Road" is included the difference in the price paid for steel rails to replace those of iron, amounting to 16,760 tons, or about $570,000.

| | |
|---|---|
| The net earnings Pennsylvania Rail Road for 1873, as above stated, were | $ 9,445,703.74 |
| The net earnings Pennsylvania Railroad for 1872 were | 8,27,852.18 |
| Showing increase in 1873 of | $ 1,197,852.56 |
| The total earnings of these works in 1873 were | $24,886,008.90 |
| And for 1872 | 22,012,525.27 |
| Showing the increase, in 1873, gross earnings | $ 2,873,483.63 |

Of the above earnings there were received from the 358 miles of main line:

| | |
|---|---|
| In 1873 ($62,314.19 100 per mile) | $22,308,431.68 |
| In 1872 ($55,898.14 100 per mile) | 20,010,818.80 |
| Increase from the Main line | $ 2,297,562.88 |

◆

Dr. Paul Schoeppe.—The *Freie Presse*, a German paper of Chicago, publishes a long and circumstantial narrative proporting to give the true history of the career of Dr. Paul Schoeppe, who gained widespread notoriety some four years ago in connection with the death of Miss Steinecke, a German lady of Carlisle, Pa., to whom Schoeppe was affianced, and for whose supposed murder he was arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced. Subsequently, through extraordinary exertions, his friends and countrymen obtained a pardon. The *Freie Presse* claims to have discovered that Scheeppe was forced to leave Germany on account of robbing his patron, a nobleman, of large sums of money, that his career in America has been a dishonest one, and that he has, since his release from the Pennsylvania prison, been living in various western cities under the false name of the Count de Schulenberg, and that while in Chicago he succeeded by means of forged checks in swindling the German Relief and Aid Society out of four hundred dollars, but succeeded in escaping punishment through the intercession of his father, who, under the name of Schoepplin, is pastor of a church in Naperville, Illinois, and professed to know the pseudo Count's father in Germany, and was anxious for his sake to rescue his son. While in this city the pretended Count, subsequent to his arrest for forgery, enjoyed the acquaintance of many of the best German citizens, who, from his appearance and address, had no reason to doubt the truth of his claims.

◆

A Registered Letter which Led to the Penitentiary.—Judge Ewing, among other good things he has done during the past week, sent a brassy rascal named Brassfield to the State prison for three years. It appears that John W. Brassfield was a co-worker with a man named Ferguson in Blair Bro's nursery at Independence. The latter, not being "much of a scribe," requested his trusted friend to carry on his correspondence, which he very kindly consented to do by this means: Brassfield discovered that his partner would receive at a certain time a letter containing money. The letter came; it was a registered letter. Ferguson was sick, Brassfield obtained the letter, abstracted the check for $200, destroyed the letter and forged another and gave it to the sick man, which informed him that his brother had no money to send him. But Brassfield's wife 'went back on him," and informed the victimized sick man. A warrent was issued for Brassfield's arrest, who was arrested at four o'clock in the morning. He plead guilty at nine o'clock before a justice of the peace, was indicted by the grand jury at eleven o'clock and was sentenced by Judge Ewing at two o'clock the same day. He has entered upon his term in the penitentiary.—*Kansas City Times.*

◆

A Mother Trades her Son for a Dog.—About a month ago a German woman, who was living at Mrs. Cooke's, in the Third Ward, took a fancy to a large Newfoundland dog owned by the landlady, and she offered to give one of her little boys and $5 "to boot" for the animal. Mrs. Cooke accepted the offer, and the little Heinrich, who was about eight years of age, was transferred to his new mother, and the German woman took her dog and departed well satisfied.

Thursday she returned and demanded the little Heinrich back again. She said the dog ate too much, and she couldn't afford to keep him. But Mrs. Cooke would neither take the dog nor refund the $5, preferring to keep the boy, who had become very useful to her and loved her very much. A war of words ensued, and then a fight, but neither conquered, and they had to be parted by a policeman. Mother Cooke still keeps her little boy, and she is determined to do so if the law will allow her. The little Heinrich is indifferent as to the result, but prefers to stay with "Mamma Cooke."—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

◆

—Mr. Adam Forepaugh has received a letter from the office of the consulate of the United States in Bangkok, Siam, stating that his agent, Mr. Patey, left the latter place on the 6th of January last, taking with him a white elephant, the first that ever left the kingdom of Siam. The conditions upon which the permission was granted Mr. Patey to remove the animal provides for its safe return. With twelve natives to assist him, Mr. Patey is bringing the rare quadruped over to this country.

◆

—Last Sunday night, as a young man named Keller, of Camden, Me., accompanied by Miss Dolt, of Lincolnville, was driving across Hosmer's pond, the team broke through, carying the buggy under the ice, and all were drowned.

### *A Broken Heart.*

SINGULAR DEATH OF A HUSBAND AND WIFE.

The sudden deaths of Thomas Salisbury and Eliza E. Salisbury, his wife, which recently occurred within one week of each other at the Hotel Bates in Indianapolis, Ind., has already been anounced. Some of the circumstances attending the death of these two most amiable and excellent persons were not only very touching but very extraordinary. They formerly resided in St. Louis, and were there called upon to mourn the loss of two fine children, their sole family, who were lost together while skating near St. Louis. They were a young lady aged 18 and a lad of 15. They were drowned on the 21st of February, 1864, precisely ten years before the day of Mrs. Salisbury's death.

This double affliction almost broke their hearts, and henceforth they lived for each other alone, concealing their great grief as those only can understand who have been similarly bereaved. Naturally congenial and devoted to each other, their lives grew more closely together by reason of the hard providence which at one dispensation had removed both their darlings from their sight without a word of parting or of warning. When Mr. Salisbury was taken sick his wife watched at his bedside with sleepless affection. Day and night she administered to his wants till it was feared her own frame, never very strong, would wholly give way.

About twenty-four hours before his death finding him able to converse a little, she asked him if he knew her. He said yes, and, smiling, called her by name. To her inquiry if he was willing to die, he said yes. She said: "Thomas, you want to go and see the children, do you not?" He answered, "Yes." Then she said:—"Thomas, I will follow you soon; do you wait for me, I will come very soon. From that moment she evinced no more anxiety about her husband. She seemed to regard his death as certain, and her own, as soon to follow. Yielding to the advice of friends, she retired and sleep till just before her husband's death, when she arose and bade him good-bye.

Immediately after his death she took to her bed and began to sink rapidly. No physical derangement was apparent, but it was a clear case of broken heart or insupportable sorrow. The doctor did what he could, but it was a case that wholly baffled his art. Her malady was of a kind that no human remedy could reach. The gentle lady was entirely resigned to her situation, and seemed to contemplate her approaching death with entire composure. During the week she steadily sank until it was apparent that her end was near.

A short time before her death her friends were startled to see her face illuminated by a bright smile. It beamed with a light that never shone on sea or land, and told of unspeakable joy. Her eyes gazed into distance and her hands moved as if to welcome some one. A solemn stillness fell upon the bystanders, and the thought struck all that she was greeting her children. From that moment the lady neither spoke nor moved, but sank away and passed from mortal life with the same eloquent smile upon her face. She kept her engagement with her husband, and followed soon after him to complete the family circle in the land of the hereafter.

◆

A Queer Freak of a Woman.—The Knoxville (Tenn.) *Chronicle* says: "A lady living in the upper end of this county began not long since, for the first time in about thirty years, to speak to her relatives and strangers. Her history is a strange one. When she was a little girl, some five or six years of age, she was a regular little rattle-trap, as merry as a cricket, and had something to say to every one, strangers as well as acquaintances, with whom she came in contact. Her father considered her too forward, and on one occasion, when she was about seven years old, punished her severely for speaking too much. The child took it so to heart that she never spoke again to her father or any one else for about thirty years, with the exception occasionally to her mother, as long as she lived, and her sisters and their children. She had not a word for her brother-in-law or any one else. To question her always proved useless, for no reply could be elicited. Thus she dragged along a weary, lonely life, until a few weeks ago, when attending a revival she became converted, and began to talk to everybody in a rapid vehement manner, until it was found that her reason to some extent was impaired. She was taken home and received prompt attention, and at last accounts her mental condition was much improved."

◆

A Mysterious Death.—The village of St. Clair, Schuylkill county, Pa., is greatly excited over the mysterious and sudden death of a man named Martin Nash.—Thursday afternoon this man took a razor, brush and cup and went into a stable or barn on his premises, it is presumed to shave himself. He was never seen again in life by any one willing to confess that fact. Some time after he left his house, some friends of his had occasion to enter the barn. Here they found Nash in a sitting posture, dead, with cup, razor and brush lying beside him. Dr. A. P. Carr testified that he had made a post mortem examination of the body. Upon the neck was a discolored mark, as if made by a rope. An examination of the room disclosed the fact that a beam or rafter had marks on it is caused by the friction of a rope. After further search a rope was found in a dog kennel some fifteen feet from the body. The rope was made in a noose and fitted the marks on the neck.—After hearing this testimony the jury rendered a verdict that Nash came to his death by hanging at his own hands or the hands of some unknown person or persons. For prudential reasons, easily understood by the public, we refrain from stating what is known or suspected in this case.

◆

Dyspepsia Cure.—W. S. Raymond, M. D., sends the *Country Gentleman* the following remedy which he says has seldom failed: ½ lb. Epsom salts; 1 oz. sweet spirits nitre—measurement; ½ oz. sulphuric acid; ½ teaspoon oil sassafras; alcohol enough to cut; ½ teaspoon cochineal; 1½ pints rain water. Dose, tablespoonful three times a day, before each meal. Beware of such food (as much as possible) as will give you trouble after eating. Take plenty of out door exercise, and, above all, be as cheerful as possible. Eat no bread which has been baked for a period less than 24 hours, and if addicted to coffee drinking, substitute tea for it. Eat plenty of green apples, if they can be had, and on arising in the morning take two or three swallows of good, cold water. By observing these, I am sanguine a cure will be effected.

◆

We have seen it stated in various papers throughout the country that Agents for the sale of *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders* were authorized to refund the money to any person who should use them and not be satisfied with the result. We doubted this at first, but the proprietors authorize us to say that it is true.

◆

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment is, without doubt, the safest, surest, and best remedy that has ever been invented for internal and external use. It is applicable to a great variety of complaints, and is equally beneficial for man or beast.

### *News and Political Items.*

—The State debt on Dec. 1st, 1873, was $25,798,821.94.

—There are said to be fifty women practicing medicine in New York and Brooklyn.

—The Archbishop of San Francisco advises Catholics not to join the Patrons of Husbandry.

—A girl of fourteen in Brooklyn, Ia., has sued a boy of sixteen for breach of promise of marriage.

—There is an inebriate in Chicago who has signed the pledge eighty-seven times. Try again, old fellow.

—A wedding ceremony was a few days ago performed at Boone, Iowa, on the cars during a change of engines at that place.

—An odd scene was observed in Dayton, Ohio, on Tuesday. A band of women sang fervently "Come to Jesus!" in front of a Jew's saloon.

—Freeman, who killed his mother, was convicted of manslaughter in Jersey City, on Saturday, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

—That is a smart boy baby in Oak Harbor, Ohio. He can walk, and talk, speak French and English, whistle and sing, and all at the tender age of thirteen months.

—Within a circuit of four miles of Bernville, Berks county, live four landlords, weighing respectively 227, 235, 227 and 205 pounds—total 994; and the returns are not all in.

—At Lawrenceburg, Ind., on the 10th, little Flora Boothold, after skipping a rope three hundred and fifty-one times, fell to the ground, and the angels skipped away with her.

—"A Colquitt (Ga.) minister is the father of thirty-two children." How neatly could he preach a sermon from that olive-branch text, with illustrations in all the front pews!

—Dr. Paul Schoeppe is in Baltimore, and denies the report charging him with forging checks and swindling a German Relief and Aid Society, and passing under the name of Count Schulenberg.

—The meanest man has turned up in the vicinity of Mendon. He wants his wife's step-father to pay him $20 for his wife's attendance on the old gentleman's wife—her mother—during her last illness.

—Henry Mass and Barney Moleneanys, neighbors and brothers-in-law, living in Lewis county, Ky., quarreled. Mass went home, got a pistol and shot Molenanys' wife, inflicting fatal wounds and then blew out his brains.

—Fitz John Porter's old army corps is interested in having him retried. The point on which this is urged is, that evidence is now accessible, from Confederate Generals, that will free him from the charges on which he was convicted.

—In Brooklyn, on Sunday morning, a watchman named Delaney, without any quarrel whatever, attacked his wife with a hatchet and beat her head into a shapeless mass. Delaney then cut his throat, almost severing the head from the body.

—The steamship Laconia, from Alexandria for Algiers, with 278 pilgrims returning from Mecca, encountered a terrible gale in the Mediterranean Sea. One huge wave washed overboard one hundred and seventeen of the pilgrims, all of whom were drowned.

—The Greenwich (Mercer county) *Argus* reports the case of one William Cottle, living in Sugar Grove township, who has been recently arrested on the charge of bigamy, having two wives in New York State, one in Ohio and one in Pennsylvania. The latter lady is dissatisfied and brings suit.

—The head of a female apparently twenty years old, with dark hair and regular, handsome features, was found on the bank of Saco river, near Biddeford, Me., on Sunday last, with a cord tied around the forehead, with a brick attached. The head had been chopped from the body close to the chin.

—A circular has been issued in behalf of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, explaining a plan of a permanent and effective organization of the total abstinence forces, and calling upon the societies in all quarters to connect themselves with this Union. It is proposed to retain the temperance societies under the supervision of the heads of the Church.

—A special to the *Chronicle* from Modoc City states that early on Tuesday morning a fire was discovered issuing from the Oil Exchange hotel. The flames spread rapidly, reaching the Bateman house on the opposite side of the street. About thirty-five buildings were destroyed. The loss cannot be definitely ascertained, but is estimated at $100,000; partially insured.

—A man by the name of Van Horn and his son, living near Newtonville, Clermont county, Ohio, while on their way home on Friday night, were stopped and robbed. After they had delivered their money, &c., to the robbers, the elder Van Horn died, which must have been caused by the shock, as a careful investigation showed no marks of violence that would cause death.

—Fulton county, Indiana, has a remarkable woman in the person of Ruth Young, who was born in Virginia, remembers perfectly the cannonading at Yorktown in 1781, and is 105 years old. She is six feet tall, and wears a broad, No. 12 shoe. She has done plowing, chopping, harvesting, and everything else in the farming line, in which she is the best posted person in the county.

—More than one thousand men were employed in the navy yard at Portsmouth, N. H.—many of them lately brought in, and employed to carry lumber from one point in the yard to another and then carry it back again. This sort of work has been kept up since January, and paid for by the people, so the laborers could vote the Radical ticket. But it didn't save 'em.—Hartford Times.

—It rained brimstone at and around Hernandez, Mississippi, last Tuesday night. The substance was submitted to careful analysis, and found to be pure brimstone. The editor of the local paper there says what puzzles him is, that it came from above instead of below. He is now wild on his geography, and doesn't know anything about where the place is located that he has been so kindly bidden to go to so often.

—During the year 1873 the production of iron and steel rails in the United States was 850,000 tons, and the importations were 185,702 tons, making a total supply of 1,-035,702 tons, which is much less than the preceding year, when the railroad movement was more active. It is thought if prices of iron can be kept within reasonable limits that our market would take in 1874 for consumption two million tons of rails.

—The barn of Mr. James S. Alexander, of Mercer county, was burned on Tuesday, together with all its contents. Three valuable horses, nine head of cattle, all his grain, hay, tools, and agricultural implements were burned, the only things saved being a buggy and a pair of bob-sleds. The barn was a large frame building nearly new. Mr. Alexander's loss is about $4,000, on which he had an insurance of $1,600.

—James C. King, convicted of murder in the second degree, was on Friday sentenced to the New York State Prison at hard labor for life. It appears that the verdict of the jury was a curious compromise made by "eleven obstinate jurors" in favor of murder in the first degree with one equally obstinate who would not consent to a verdict which would involve the death penalty. The twelfth juror had his will, for the convicted man receives the extremest sentence—short of hanging—which the law can give.

### *Literary Notices.*

The Illustrated Annual of Phrenology and Physiognomy for 1874, contains eighty large octavo pages, with more than fifty engravings, representing Heads, Faces, Mouths, Noses, good and bad, with "Signs of Character;" also, My School-mates and What Became of Them; A Good Memory; The "Leak;" or a Hole in a Pocket through Bad Habits;" and How to Save Money! and other articles. The best Annual ever issued. Agents wanted. Newsmen have it. Sent pre-paid, by first post, for 25 cents, by S. R. Wells, Publisher, 389 Broadway, New York.

The March number of Wood's Household Magazine is a capital one. It opens with an interesting story entitled, "The Guiding Hand," by Mrs. H. G. Rowe; following this Joseph Snider gives his "Experiences in the City." There are several other articles of merit, and some choice poetry. The Magazine contains six illustrations, including a fine design for a Country School House. Terms only one dollar a year—with chromo Yosemite, one dollar and a half. Subscriptions may begin with any number. Address, Wood's Household Magazine, Newburgh, N. Y.

Ballou's Monthly Magazine.—The April number of this popular journal of literature is issued, and is fully equal to any that has appeared. Perhaps it may be a little more variety in this number, and the stories may be a little better, but it is hard to improve on any one number of Ballou's, for it is edited with such care that all tastes are suited. The boys find a sea story in each number, the men a tale of adventure, and the ladies poetry and delightful love stories. In addition to all of this there are illustrations of popular subjects, and yet the price is only $1.50 per year, or 15 cents a single number, and each subscriber who sends a year's subscription receives a pretty little Chromo of considerable value as an ornament. The April number contains the following list of contents: "April Showers;" "The Apteryx;" "Sponges;" "Rome;" "Captain Alick's Legacy;" "Missions;" "What came of the First of April;" "The Song of Spring;" "A Tragic incident of Nor-West Whaling," "Grandmother's Dream;" "Freedom;" "An Unfortunate Match;" "Anacreontic;" "After Many Days;" "She was a Widow;" "Bended Twigs and Straight Saplings;" "Mrs. Cameron's Experiment;" "Clan Tartans and Plaids;" "The Diamond Crescent;" "Right or Wrong;" "Miserable Homes;" "Our Young People's Story-Teller—Lelia Grey; or Twice an Orphan;" "How Dick and Gerty became Indians;" "Yes and No;" "Ruthven's Puzzle Page;" "Curious Matters;" "The Housekeeper;" "Facts and Fancies;" "The First Day of April—(Humorous Pictures.")

Published by Thomas & Talbot, 36 Bromfield Street, Boston, and for sale at every periodical depot in the country.

◆

The Horrible Result of Circumstantial Evidence.—The Milford (Del.) *News* says that John Young, colored, an old man who died near Frederica, Kent county, last Sunday morning, confessed just before his death, to one John Madison, colored attendant, that he, Young, was the man who killed the old peddler, for the murder of whom one Ed. Darnell was convicted and hung a few years ago at Dover. It will be remembered that the old peddler's body was found in a mill pond, horribly mangled and showing every indication of having met with foul play. Circumstances pointed to the boy Darnell and a man named William Loper, who were arraigned. Loper, succeeding in proving an alibi, was acquitted, and the boy convicted and hung. If this story is true, and there seems no reason to doubt it, it affords another illustration of the fallibility of circumstantial evidence, and the possibility of hanging the innocent for the guilty.

◆

An extraordinary circumstance in the history of the country occurs on the death of Mr. Fillmore. Never before or since the administration of Jefferson has it happened that only one person was alive, except the incumbent, who had filled the Presidential office. Andrew Johnson is now the only ex-President living; and even he was not elected to that office, but came to it as Vice-President on the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. While the younger Adams, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe were living. When Buchanan was elected, Van Buren, Tyler, Pierce, and Filmore were alive. When Lincoln was inaugurated Van Buren, Tyler, Pierce, Filmore and Buchanan were living. Within the past thirty-seven years seven Presidents have been elected besides Grant. It is an extraordinary fact that not one of the even is now alive.

◆

—It is likely they are going to have another Kentucky giant. Dero Edward Chambers is only two-and-a-half years old, pulls down 118 pounds, and lives near Glasgow, Ky. If he was a breed of hogs he would be a success—surpassing the Berkshire or Chester White; but as he is only a boy baby, we do not see what particular advantage he expects to reap by growing so outlandishly huge. His parents are both small people, respectable, and poor, and their boy has already become a heavy cost. His appetite is expensive, and the railroads and hotels won't harbor him at half fare even at these years. It is awful to think what he may grow to be. He can walk, but is not active on his feet, and his parents are not strong enough to carry him. There is nothing left for him in life but a corner somewhere in the show business. He can show a calf eighteen inches in circumference.

◆

—When he was fat he was very, very fat, and when he was lean, a skeleton. In these two alternating conditions of being William Dubury lived a long time in London, England. Once, when he was lean, he exhibited himself as a curiosity. But success, strange as it may seem, spoiled his business. He got money enough to procure food with which to gorge himself, and soon he rounded with flesh the bones that had been curiously obtrusive. Having spent all his money, Dubury had no other resource but to again become a skeleton. Nature had made too many changes, however, and when he reached the only state in which he could live by the monetary contributions of sight seers, he died from exhaustion.

◆

—It is impossible to withhold admiration from the simple ingenuity of a man in Dubuque, Iowa, who recently put his finger into the mouth of a partly filled powder horn, but could not pull it out again. Having tried in vain various ways to release the member, he suddenly hit upon a plan which worked to a charm. He picked a hole in the side of the horn, and applied a match. Admirable, indeed; but your Western man always was fertile in expedients; and the fact that this chap was dancing around for a half hour afterward, begging some one to amputate what was left of his finger, detracts nothing from the simple ingenuity of the experiment.

◆

—Here is a tale which may encourage those who are in search of lost or hidden treasure, and may also have a reviving effect upon the American heirs of estates in England valued at from £75,000,000 to £100,000,000 be the same more or less.—In the township of King, 30 miles north of Toronto, 14 years ago, an old lady died making unintelligible signs toward an immense chest. A few days ago her son sold out, and the buyer of that chest found therein $800 in notes and gold in old stockings. The son claimed the money, and had the claim allowed.

W. D. M'CLELLAND........JOHN HARN

M'CLELLAND & CO.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Fancy and Plain

FURNITURE

AND CHAIRS.

We keep constantly on hand a great variety of line of elegant

PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUIT

IN SYLES AND AT PRICES TO SUIT ALL CUSTOME

Having the most skillful workmen in the are prepared to fill all orders for

OFFICE AND HOUSEHOLD FURNIT

IN PIECES OR SUITS,

At PRICES Belo

Either Eastern or Western Manufactur

Wareroom, No. 81 FRANKLIN S

NEARLY OPPOSITE POST OFFIC

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Repairing Neatly and Promptly D

All Furniture sent for and delivered city free of charge.

THE HOLIDAYS ARE OVE

AS WE ALL KNOW, BUT THE

PRICES

At E. J. MILLS

CHEAP CASH STOR

Are not over, but rather under, those of any dealer in

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, HATS,

Boots, Shoes, Notions,

GROCERIES, FLOUR, FEED, GRAI

In this "Neck o' Timber."

A complete and elegant assortment goods now in store will positively be closest margin. Country produce at the market prices taken in exchange for g satisfaction guaranteed to all buyers. High street, near Centre street.

E. J. M

Ebensburg, Jan. 16, 1874.-tf.

LOOK WELL TO YOUR UNDERSTA

JOHN D. THOMAS,

Boot and Shoe Mak

THE undersigned respectfully informs numerous customers and the public that he is prepared to manufacture BOO SHOES of any desired size or quality finest French calf-skin boots to the brogans, in the VERY BEST MANNER shortest notice, and at as moderate pri like work can be obtained anywhere.

Those who have worn Boots and Shoes at my establishment need no assuran the superior quality of my work. Othe easily be convinced of the fact if they w give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

Repairing of Boots and Shoes to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Thankful for past favors I feel gratified my work and prices will commend its tinuance and increase of the same.

JOHN D. THOMA

REAL ESTAT

For Sale Cheap.

THE undersigned offers at private sale F in Allegheny township, lying on the Mill to Ebensburg, known as farm, containing 198 Acres ed and under good buildings and a good

Also, about 85 A to Loretto, some with a one-and-a-half story frame Hay House thereon.

Also, one-half interest in Loretto to Dawson's Mill, known as the Guire place, adjoining lands of to Springs.

Also, House and Lot in Loretto.

For price and terms call

WM. LITTLE

[2-27.-3t.] Loretto, Cam

P. S. Money and settlements requested persons indebted.

VALUABLE TOWN PROP

FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers at private sale and Lot now occupied by on Julian street and extending G. Williams. The House is a ent two story frame structure tern in close proximity and a buildings on the premises. apple, three pear, six cherry, peach and eight plum trees in good lion, and is otherwise well improved.

Also, will be sold, the offices occupied by the "Cambria Freeman" Oatman.

Also, 7 acres of pasture ensburg, and 10 acres of woodland one mile west of said borough.

JAS. G

Ebensburg, Jan. 30, 1874.-tf.

GOOD FARM for S

The undersigned offer for sale

FARM of 110 Ac

including road allowance, township, Cambria county, from Ebensburg to Wilmore, from the Pa. R. R. Station There are about 60 Acres and watered, and in a high with a thriving young on. The improvements are BARN, 40x60 feet, a Log House, buildings. For further dress JOHN & F. P.

Jan. 16, 1874.

REAL ESTATE at SUMMERH

FOR SALE!

ONE LOT OF GROUND, acre, in the village of best known as the George ing on the Pa. R. R., substantial TAVERN STAND an L 54x18 feet, and a Wareroom attached, and premises; together with uated on the same lot. tains 11 large rooms and desiring a property should owner at once.

JAS.

Summerhill, Jan. 23, 1874.

JAMES F. MILLIKEN

Attorney at Law and Real Est

HOLLIDAYSBURG,

SPECIAL ATTENTION given to tion of claims in Blair, Cambria, don, Bedford, Centre and

Parties wishing to purchase change real estate will find it advantage to call on or address

Correspondence in either man solicited.

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & C

BANKER

Ebensburg, Pa

WILL receive money on deposit and collect notes and attend business usually done by Bankers.

Sept. 20.-tf. JAS. H. ZAHM,

FARM FOR SALE.—The signed offers at private sale to suit the purchaser, south of Ebensburg, containing eighty of which are cleared with comfortable House lent Orchard on the premises.

Feb. 6.-2m. JAS. MYERS.

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, at-Law, Johnstown, Pa. Exchange building, corner of Clin ton and Locust streets. ness connected with his profession.

F. A. SHOEMAKER. WM. H. SECH

SHOEMAKER & SECH

Attorneys-at-Law,

9-13.] EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO.

T. W. DICK, Attorney at La Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. manner of legal business attended to torily, and collections a specialty.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

FRIDAY, - - MARCH 20, 1874.

## LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

### Here, There, and the Other Place.

—New goods received daily at M. L. Oatman's.

—Robins and blue birds are again on the chirp.

—Old Sol is getting over the equinoctial line about this time.

—Taxpayer No. 2 will receive a hearing in our columns next week.

—The great blood purifier, Vinegar Bitters, for sale by M. L. Oatman.

—A square foot of ice weighs forty-eight pounds. An ice thing to know.

—Buy all your goods at M. L. Oatman's, the cheapest store in Ebensburg.

—The public schools of this borough close a seven months' term to-day.

—About seventy-five men were discharged from the shops in Altoona, last week.

—Somebody in Altoona sent us $1.50 a few days ago, but failed to sign any name to the letter.

—"The School House in the Glen," a poetical effusion, has been received and filed for next issue.

—The black bass introduced into the waters of this State are said to be eating up all the other fish.

—Look out for snakes. Wednesday's thunder storm was vociferous enough to wake all the reptiles in Christendom.

—There is a Swede in Clearfield county who wears boots nineteen inches long. He challenges the State to beat those feet.

—Michael Fitzharris, Esq., Burgess of Gallitzen, has been appointed Assignee of the estate of Owen Cunningham, bankrupt, of this place.

—The oil express train west on Friday morning last struck, knocked down, run over and instantly killed Mr. James Lawson, who was at the time, assisting his son to fill the water traugh at Sang Hollow miles below Johnstown.

—Two boys named Lutz and Hammer, confined in jail here for burglaries committed at Wilmore, skipped out through the front door of that institution on Thursday evening last, but were recaptured and returned to their old quarters soon after.

—The ladies will be interested in learning that M. L. Oatman has just received an elegant stock of gaiters and shoes for feminine feet, of the latest styles and warranted the very best custom made work in the market. There is no humbug about it.

—Don't forget to bear in mind and keep in remembrance the fact that M. L. Oatman's terms are strictly cash in hand at the time of purchasing goods—the only principle which enables him to sell cheaper than those dealers who do business on the credit system.

—A twelve year old Millville lad watched his chance and stole several revolvers from the hardware store of Benton & Tittle, in Johnstown, a few days ago. The shooting irons have been recovered and the young thief is now behind the bars of Castle Rumer, in this place.

—"Come, gentle Spring—etherial mildness, come!" So far as heard from, gentle Spring has arrived, more or less, and ial mildness is expected on the next , to be followed in quick succession an immense and superb stock of goods the big dry goods, grocery and general store of Myers & Lloyd, where bargains can always be had for the asking.

—A pine tree was felled not long since in rside township, Clearfield county, by employe of Messrs. Griswold, of this place, which measured 190 feet in height and scaled 7,158 feet of lumber. It had to be conveyed and put into Chest creek by the aid of block and tackle, and is admitted by old lumbermen to be the largest piece of timber that has ever been put into the creek.

—A verdant youth stepped into a Johnstown millinery establishment the other day and asked for cheese. The lady in attendance assured greeny that they did not keep the article for sale. He then pointed to a roll of stuff in the show case and inquired what they called that. "That's wadding," replied the lady; whereupon verdant wanted to know if cheese wasen't wadding" too.

—John Young and two of his sons John and Alexander, were buried beneath a mass of coal eight feet broad, five feet high and three feet thick, in a coal mine two miles east of Greensburg on Friday morning last, but fortunately the elder Young managed to work his way out, and giving the alarm, his two sons were soon rescued. The three men had their collar bones broken and Alexander was injured internally, but neither of them was dangesously hurt.

—Mr. George Gray, a citizen of Frankstown borough, was terribly mutilated and instantly killed, on Saturday last, by being run over by a locomotive, from the tank of which he had previously fallen to the track. His head was severed from his body, his entrails were torn out and scattered for a considerable distance, and his body was crushed into a shapeless mass. He was employed at the coal scaffold and leaves a wife and nine children to mourn his shocking death. Aged about 57 years.

—Need we say a word in commendation of Messrs. McClelland & Hannan, both of whom are known politically, if not personally, to every citizen of this county? It would be sufficient, and doubtless would be sufficient, merely to invite attention to their advertisement, which will be found in another column; but considering it our duty to give them a lift editorial anyhow, we have no hesitation in saying, from knowledge based on long acquaintance, that they are emphatically fair, square and honest men to deal with, and we are sure that all persons desiring to purchase furniture will do the very best that can be done by giving them a call.

—Application having been made by citizens of this place to the Fish Commissioners of the State for a supply of trout and black bass, with which to stock the head-waters of the Conemaugh, Blacklick and Chest creeks, Hon. Hewitt, one of the Commissioners, has signified his intention to send to this place, in the course of a few weeks, a lot of salmon trout from the State hatching house at Marietta, and some time during the Spring, will also have a lot of bass furnished for the stocking of the above streams. So it may be confidently expected, should these things come to pass, that fishing hereabouts will be exceedingly good after the lapse of a few

—It was a correspondent of the Altoona Tribune, and not the local editor of the Johnstown Tribune, who first discovered, and first gave to the world a description of a certain Hill, whose other name is J., located at Nineveh station, and certainly, in a moral if not a physical sense, exceedingly hard to climb. Hill has walked, in pursuance of his duties as railroad watchman, 76,650 miles during the past twenty-one years, has never been sick, never smoked or chewed tobacco, never drank liquor, never played a game of cards and never saw a game played but once, and that was by a learned pig at a side show. He is now a model Justice of the Peace, having been elected at the last election, is aged about 50 years, and has been a Democrat ever since he attained his majority.

—The Altoona *Tribune* need not take on any extra agony about our new jail, for we assure it that escape from that $73,000 edifice, by any means but strategy, is nearly as impossible as it would be for a camel to go through the eye of a needle or the rich men of the *Tribune* to secure entrance to the realms of bliss beyond.

—Rev. Wm A. Fleming's lecture at the Presbyterian church, on Monday evening last, is said to have been less numerousely attended than any which have preceded it, yet there was far from being "a beggarly account of empty benches." The effort itself, which want of time prevented us from hearing, is represented to have been well written and well delivered, many portions of it being really eloquent, but it was less a history of the "Puritans," the subject announced, than it was a eulogy of Cromwell and men of his day and ilk. This lecture closed the course, but it is to be hoped that next winter will see the inauguration of a still more extensive if not more brilliant course of lectures in our midst.

—Quite an unpleasant sensation was created in Johnstown on Monday last by the suspension of all operations at the Cambria Iron Works, the employes being notified on going to work that morning that their services would not be needed—not at least for the present. The cause of the suspension is said to be a threatened strike on the part of some of the miners, which has since culminated, the demand being for an increase of wages. The Company have immense quantities of railroad iron piled up waiting purchasers, and the probabilities are that they will fight it out on the suspension line if it should take them all summer. More's the pity, as an almost complete stagnation in business and great suffering must be the inevitable result if this state of things long continues.

—Our friend, Charley Cain, of Munster township, is the owner of a cow which is certainly "some pumpkins" on the fecundity question, she having given birth to no less than three calves on Tuesday night last, all of which are fully developed and well formed. This wholesale yield of calf flesh brings the number up to five which this remarkable cow has given birth to, the other two having came in the usual order of one at a time, which is doing exceedingly well for a six year old heifer. Blair and Bedford counties, as well as the rest of mankind, are invited to trot out their veal producing bovines, as *Cain* thinks he is *Abel* to "knock the spots off" of all them. Charley is also the possessor of a queer specimen of the lamb species, the peculiarities of which, however, are of a nature which, to be appreciated, should be seen, not read about.

—A fearful accident occurred in Altoona on Saturday afternoon last, which resulted in the almost instant killing of a laboring man named George H. Curfman and the serious if not fatal injury of James Bradley, a machinist by occupation, as well as the demolition of several thousand dollars' worth of property. It seems that an employe of the Company named James Kelly got on an engine which was standing in the yard for the purpose of shifting it, but after getting it under headway was unable from some cause to check its progress, and the result was that the locomotive dashed into the lower round house at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour, striking, mutilating and doing to death one man and shockingly crushing the thigh and otherwise injuring another, as above indicated. Kelly saved himself by jumping from the flying engine, which kept on its mad career through the round house, machine shop and wheel shop, in which fully five hundred men were at work, but, miraculous as it may seem, all but the two unfortunate men named escaped the impending danger. Curfman died soon after the accident, but Bradley is still alive and the probabilities now are that he will survive his injuries.

JURORS FOR JUNE TERM.—The gentlemen named below were, on Friday last, drawn to serve as Grand and Traverse Jurors at the next term of our County Court:

GRAND JURORS.

Roberts H. J., foreman, cashier, Johnstown.
Brawley Michael, jr., mason Washington.
Bishop Edward, miner, Yoder.
Douglass Washington, farmer, Allegheny.
Eckenrode Henry J., farmer, Carroll.
Everhart John, agent, Johnstown.
George Richard, laborer, Millville.
Hite John B., laborer, Blacklick.
Livingston Josiah H., farmer, Adams.
Lewis David, carpenter, Ebensburg.
Litzinger William, merchant, Loretto.
Lambert August, brewer, Johnstown.
Lloyd Griffith J., farmer, Cambria twp.
Lewis Jonathan, boss, Millville.
Miller Edmunds clerk, Wilmore.
McKenna Paul, blacksmith, Summitville.
Parrish J. D., carpenter, Ebensburg.
Ribblett Samuel, brakeman, Franklin.
Stoltz Peter, farmer, Barr.
Sell George, farmer, Yoder.
Shelly James A., farmer, Croyle.
Stoy Samuel, farmer, Alegheny.
Tiley William, coal merchant, Washington.
Walters Williams miner, Millville.

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

Adams—Tobias Miller
Blacklick—Eman'l Brallier, Milton Jones, A. R. Longanecker.
Barr—Alexander Brawley Casper Leib.
Conemaugh Bor.—Andrew Abler, Edward Brady.
Conemaugh Twp.—John Burk, John Schriver.
Carrolltown—Francis Bearer, Julius Stich.
Carroll Twp.—Aaron Burleigh.
Cambria Twp.—Henry Byrne, Jonathan Jones, Benj. James, jr.,
Chest Springs—Michael Cunningham.
Clearfield—Patrick Dunegan, John H. Douglass.
Croyle—John Dunmyer, Stephen Dimond, G. G. Rorabaugh, Jacob C. Stineman.
East Conemaugh—Edgar Collins.
Ebensburg—F. H. Barker, C. T. Roberts.
Johnstown—Charles Barnes, Josiah Hudson, Irwin Horrell, Alex Montgomery, John C. Riffel, Jacob Swank.
Jackson—Henry Snyder.
Millville—Morgan Reese, Pat'k Rodgers.
Munster—Zachariah Kaylor.
Richland—Hiram Orris.
Susquehanna—Stephen Emigh, Archibald Farrell, Geo. W. Stalb.
Summitville—John Sharbaugh.
Taylor—Adam Vickroy.
White—Samuel Aikens, Michael Moyer.
Washington—Wm. McCloskey, Christopher Rubine.
Woodvale—Wm. Magehan, Robert D. Nesmith.

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

Adams—Henry Eichensehr, Sam'l Kring.
Allhghney—F A Storm.
Blacklick—J. L. Edwards, Sam'l Wilson.
Croyle—Silas Burk, John Neff.
Clearfield—John Behe, James E. Neason, Michael J. Wills.
Carroll—Joseph Davis.
Chest—Caleb A. Gray, Michael J. Nagle, Jacob Stoltz.
Chest Springs—Silas McGough.
Conemaugh Bor.—John Eagan, Henry P. Freidhoff, Frank Maloy, Geo. Parkinson.
Conemaugh Twp.—John P. Lehman, Louis Von Lennan.
Cambria Bor.—John Ryan.
Ebensburg—P. C. McDonald.
Johnstown—Wm. Bolsinger, Wm. B. Bonaker, Isaac Barnhart, John Hamilton, John W. Eogan, James J Murphy.
Loretto—Francis O'Friel.
Millville—Richard Dowling, Henry Fox, Stephen Gregory.
Richland—Sam'l Hoffman, Bennett Ness.
Summerhill—Valentine Cramer, John McCormick.
Summitville—Thomas J. Condon, John E. Storm.
White—George M. Cree.
Washington—Andrew Egar, Wm Griffith, Charles Johnston, Cain Lahey.
Wilmore—George W. Kirley.
Woodvale—Wm. Penrod.
Yoder—E. A. Vickroy.

AS OTHERS SEE US.—We find in the fourth annual report of the Board of Public Charities of this State the following in reference to the jail and almshouse of Cambria county:

JAIL.—Visited December 17, 1873. This new prison was finished in 1872, and has been occupied since April of that year. It is a very substantial edifice, and is after the plans of Mr. Haviland, who was its architect. It is built of light colored sandstone, about 130 feet in length by 56 in width, and a tower in front. The front part of the building is arranged as a residence for the sheriff. The celling department, which is 110 by 56 feet, contains a lower and upper tier—17 cells in each. The cells are 15 by 8, and 9 feet high in the centre. They are arranged with water-closets, a warm air and one ventilating register, and are sufficiently lighted by a horizontal window which opens into the jail-yard. The floors are wooden, but are underlaid by iron plates, the partitions between the cells being of heavy stone masonry. The inside door is of wrought iron bars, the outside of heavy oak, both with heavy and approved bolts and locks. The floor in the corridor is of German tile, having a large window in the rear and four skylights on each side of the ceiling. The upper tier is reached by a flight of iron stairs. Water is pumped into a tank in the tower, from which the whole structure is supplied. The building is surrounded by a substantial stone wall 22 feet in height. It was erected at a cost of $73,000. It is adapted to the separate system, which is in partial use. It contained six prisoners, only one of whom had been tried. The bedding was placed on the floor, but was sufficiently comfortable. The expenditures, including $600 paid to Western penitentiary, was $2,444 60.

POOR HOUSE.—This institution is well conducted, its condition having been much improved under Mr. Lilly's care, the present steward. The insane apartments are in the lower story. Some of the inmates were noisy and difficult of management, being confined to a sitting room during the day and their chambers at night. One was hand-cuffed on account of being destructive of clothing and bedding. The entire number of inmates was 46, of whom 23 were insane. With the exception of those referred to, they were of chronic character. The house is large, with large corridors and well arranged apartments, but is destitute of conveniences. It is warmed by stoves; water has to be carried by hand. The want of proper conveniences renders the care of the helpless and careless doubly difficult and troublesome. The house is well arranged also in regard to separation of sexes. Have separate exercise yards for the insane. Recent cases of insanity are sent to Dixmont. No special care or attention is given to the insane in this house; but the inmates generally are made comfortable. The table is well supplied, the bedding is comfortable, and their reasonable wants attended to.

The farm consists of 200 acres, all of which is under cultivation. The expenditures for 1872 were $11,572 42.

A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.—An accident happened to the fast line west on the Pennsylvania Road last Friday night, which, had it not been prevented by a fortunate occurrence, would in all probability have dashed a whole train filled with passengers to destruction.

The train was an unusally heavy one, as the Friday trains from Harrisburg during the winter generally are, with the returning members of the Legislature.

In the sleeping cars were Senators Anderson, Graham and Rutan, with their families; Representatives Newmyer, Hays, Morgan of Lawrence, with his family; Hon. Daniel J. Morrell, John Porter and family, Speaker McCormick, of the House of Representatives, and several members of the press.

Two engines were placed in front of the train at Altoona, one of them run by Kidley, the oldest locomotive driver on the road. The train was under the charge of Conductor Alexander, who has served eighteen years with the Company.

The night was fearfully cold, the wheels crinzed on the frosty track, and the great king-bolt, which holds the car down on the truck, would rise and fall with an alarming sound. Even Morrell, the great railroad iron man, who is not easily frightened, straightened himself up on his seat, and glanced around with suspicious looks, as if expecting some casualty.

When the train had passed Kittanning Point, or the "horse-shoe bend," as it is familiarly called, and was on the heaviest upgrade on the Allegheny mountains, the bell-rope tightened with a sudden twang, struck the top of the car, and stretched beyond its utmost extensions, it snapped and slackened with a rattle that nearly brought down the lamps.

A short "down breaks" signal from the engine caused a few anxious passengers to look out, when they immediately discovered that the two powerful engines had broken loose and were some three hundred yards up the mountain.

To old railroad men, like Morrell or Conductor Alexander, the breaking of a link going up the mountain caused immediate alarm, and the first impulse of those who understood the situation was to "quit traveling on that train" at once.

Most fortunately the train, which was thought to be going up the mountain at a high rate of speed, stopped its upward progress within one length of itself, and there it stood on that fearful declivity, over six hundred feet to the bottom of the ravine, and ten miles up from the foot of the grade, with Kittanning point, or "horse shoe bend," mid-way, before reaching which, if the train had not been checked, would have attained the speed of a minnie ball and have left the track at that curve like a flying machine, and in all probability not one of the passengers would have been living to-day. The air brakes, however, better known as "The Westinghouse Atmospheric Brake," clasped the wheels like a vise the moment the pressure from the engine had been taken away and the train was saved from destruction by this seemingly simple appliance, but what has proved to be a magnificent triumph of modern skill. The passengers were detained but a short time and were landed in Pittsburgh "on time."—*Pittsburgh Post.*

CURES ALL KIND OF CATARRH.—So successful has Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery proven, as a constitutional treatment for Catarrh, when coupled with the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, applied locally by the use of Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche, (the only method of reaching the upper and back cavities of the head,) that the proprietor of these medicines has long offered a standing reward of $500 for a case or Catarrh which he can not cure. The two medicines, with instrument, for $2 by druggists.

*A SPECIMEN OUT OF THOUSANDS.*

CORTLAND, Ill., April 28, 1873.

DR. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

*Dear Sir*—It is with pleasure I make this statement to you that after taking medicine for twenty years for the Catarrh, I tried your Catarrh Remedy and effected a cure, so that it has not troubled me for two years.

S. WHEELER.

HASSON'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF TAR.—This celebrated preparation, so long and favorably known in the Northern States, for the cure of throat and lung diseases, can now be had at most of the drug stores in all parts of the country. It is no private quack preparation. It is prescribed by some of the most eminent physicians in the country, and never fails in curing the worst cases of coughs and colds. Price 50 cents per bottle.
RUSSEL & LANDIS, Prop'rs, Philad'a.
Sold by all Drug Stores and Dealers thro'-out the United States.
P. S. See that the signature of RUSSELL & LANDIS, Prop's, is on each wrapper.

FREE OF CHARGE.—Dr. Morris' Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Horehound combines all the medicinal virtues of those articles which long experience has proved to possess the most efficient qualities for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Coughs and Colds are speedily relieved by it and in Croup it acts like magic. Call at R. J. Lloyd's Drug Store and obtain a sample bottle *free of charge*, or a regular size for $1; or at P. M. Woleslagle & Son's Store, Wilmore. J. R. MORRIS, 113 North 2d St., Phila. [3-13.-1y.]

## Local Correspondence.

PORTAGE, March 16, 1874.

DEAR FREEMAN—The game of ten-pins for a purse of fifty dollars, which I alluded to in my last letter, was played on the alley attached to the Exchange Hotel here. The playists were Dr. D. H. Dickason and Jesse McGough, the party of the first part, and Dr. Milton Dickason and P. McGough, party of the second part. The reason why I put the latter party *the party of the second part*, is because *they* came out *second best*, and the other fellows got the money; but they didn't *make a deed*. There was a great deal of strength, but not a large amount of skill displayed in playing the game. The *score* didn't run very high, but some of the players did—half way up the alley.

Our hotel-keepers having, with great unanimity, obtained their licenses from the honorable, the judges, etc., are as busy as bees in preparing to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travelers. "Runners" for the different hotels are also busy, and on the arrival of each train the coaxing appeals, "This way for the Exchange!" "The Chinese just opposite!—any baggage, gentlemen?" "Step this way, gentlemen, for the Gillespie House—house newly fitted up, new landlord—oak grained bar, touched up by Clossin—only one square off!" "Ho for the St. Cloud!—largest house in the city!" &c., &c., can be heard far above the escaping steam of the locomotive. Occasionally some of these runners get hold of a customer that is *very* unprofitable. It is *strongly* objectionable for a landlord to have a customer sent him who *leaves his card*, and *leaves* himself—without paying his bill.—There is one thing certain, Mr. Editor, and that is that our hotel accomodations are excellent—the want of which, in other towns causes frequent complaint to be made.—Here we have ample accommodations for man and beast. The only dread that seems to be upon our landlords is, that a heroic band of praying women may, some fine morning, sweep down on them like an avalanche, and that the appeal from sweet, prayerful lips to "Close your door!—close your door!!" will be too powerful for resistance.

Quite a *scratch* occurred at one of our saloons a few days ago—as, reference to the frontispiece of the scratchee being had, will more fully and at large appear.

The little snap of snow we had for the past few days has enlivened our markets materially. Farmers, far and near, have taken advantage of the sledding to bring in supplies of oats, corn, "garden sass," and sich like. There is quite a demand for *herbs*, such as camomile, rue, "old man," saffron, etc., in this market. Indeed the *demand* is said to exceed the *supply much*, and especially for the *saffron*, for which much inquiry has of late been made. Persons having any considerable quantity of the latter on hand will do well to leave their names, with an indication of the probable amount they can furnish, with the Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association. I "reckon" the cause of the unusual demand for this kind of shrubery is, that, on account of the very changeable weather we have had of late, many of our people are afflicted with bad colds, etc., and these herbs, you know, are very good for ailments of that kind. We have a bad cold ourself, Mr. Editor, and have a notion to try some of those "yarbs" if we can get them.

I intended to say to you before, Mr. Editor, but forgot it, that cars—freight cars—are run on the railroad here on Sunday, to the great annoyance of the religiously inclined. Yesterday (being the Sabbath day) I undertook to say my prayers, and was waked up from my slumbers—beg pardon, my devotions—by the "tarnalest" shrill whistle that ever was put upon a locomotive. It was enough to make a fellow sweat, even at his prayers. But if it's *lawful* to move freight on the Lord's day, and it's a work of necessity, why all right, for I suppose it is only *perishable* freight, such as *crude oil* in barrels, *metal* in pigs, *rail road bars, coal*, and things of that kind, that is moved on the Sabbath, and of course no one could object to that—and I have not observed any other kind of freight on these Sunday trains.

Yours, for the time, HUBBUB.

JOHNSTOWN, March 17, 1874.

DEAR FREEMAN.—In order to give the common schools a chance, *pro et con*, I shall write a brief letter this time.

W. W. Pike, dealer in stoves and tinware, Franklin street, has a patent cooking apparatus, four stoves in height, which might be of use and what ought to be in the possession of every good eater. By one simple operation of heat well applied, four different dishes can be cooked at one time. But lest this might be considered a puff. I will say no more; but let each gormandizer call and examine for himself.

J. F. Campbell, Esq., of the *Voice and Echo*, has started up again. He has rolled over and over so often that it was a wonder that he ever turned up all right, but he did this time sure. Like loaded dice, he will come right side up, if handled right. I wish the *Voice and Echo* lots of good luck.

Geo. T. Swank, Esq., of the *Tribune*, (*mit Easly*,) has now the best appointed printing office in the State, immediately above the post-office. It is a pity to see such a vast outlay of money, for material, to run a Republican newspaper, so soon after the New Hampshire election.

ROB ROY.

COKEVILLE, PA., March 14, 1874.

EDITOR FREEMAN—*Dear Sir:* As there was a very sad accident occurred here on the 2d inst., and as I have seen no notice of it in any of the Cambria county papers, I thought I would send you the particulars, especially as the victim was an old citizen of Northern Cambria. The facts are these: Mr. Peter Flanagan, while on a visit to his son-in-law, in the vicinity of whose residence he has been employing himself pruning fruit trees, was struck by the engine of the West Penn Express and so terribly injured that he died in about forty minutes after the accident. He had come to see his wife, but she had died and was buried before his arrival. Just five weeks afterwards he too was called away by death in a most sudden and shocking manner. His age was seventy-one years and that of his wife seventy-three, and both were old residents of your county. Their remains now lie side by side in the Catholice cemetery at Blairsville. May they rest in peace.

Yours, &c., L. S.

AN EGG WHAT IS AN EGG.—And now let Somerset, Cambria and Blair hide their heads and say nothing further on the egg question. They have had their say, and our turn is now. We hold the biggest trump card and we mean to play it. Bedford county is ahead and means to stay there. We have a hen—a native—and she isn't much of a hen either—that laid two eggs in one day, one of which was almost as large as a goose egg, while the other was an ordinary sized egg. And what is more wonderful still, both eggs were laid at one and the same time! Now this may seem incredulous, but it is true as preaching? We'll rise to explain. The two eggs in question were one and yet they were two. It was a sort of compound arrangement, a little on the Siamese twins plan. And this is how it was: The large egg, which was perfect in itself, had in it another egg within a shell! Both were first-class eggs, with yolk and white, enclosed within a firm membrane, and each had what is called the *germinal vesicle*, or germ-cell. And strange to say the hen survived and is doing well! Now trot out your dung-hills, and your Brahmas, and your everybody else! Bedford county is ahead on the egg question. Eggs-actly!—*Bedford Gazette.*

CERTIFICATES on Lloyd & Co. taken at their face for American watches. A large assortment of all styles in gold and silver cases just received and for sale low. *Gold* jewelry, books, notions and toys in large variety. No Pinchbeck kept or sold. *Best* cigars in town. Call at once

C. T. ROBERTS.

—There are twenty-three voters named Jones, twenty named Evans and eighteen named Davis within the precincts of this borough. So the *Herald* said several weeks ago, and what was true then we presume to be true now.

## Communications.

GALLITZIN, March 9, 1874.

EDITOR FREEMAN—Having read several articles pro and con in your valuable paper concerning the free school system, I took the liberty to express my views through the same channel, taking care not to criticise or speak harshly of any article that had appeared in your columns. This I did because I was anxious to avoid personal controversy, opposed as I am to using a newspaper for the purpose of criticism or carrying on a controversy that must of necessity amount to nothing in the end. Such diatribes are not news, neither are they of interest to any one.

I gave my views as briefly as possible, and allowed your readers to accept or reject them as they saw fit. I stated at the same time that I did not by any means consider myself competent to argue so important a subject. Treating the question as I did in this spirit, what was my surprise to see the initials "F. J. P." subsequently and frequently interpolated in an article from one of your correspondents signed "Sydney." He must be a junior Sydney who got his education at our boasted public schools, or, if not, then he is a bogus article. Having read considerable from the pen of the veritable Sydney, and having always found his productions worthy of perusal and replete with instruction, I was not prepared to see such an article as that of your correspondent over such a signature. I was compelled to stop and reflect. His article reminded me of the first time I was called on to deliver a speech in a debate. I had nothing to say until I heard some one else express his views, and then I found it easy to get up and contradict the speaker and tell him what he had said was not correct.

"Sidney" does not seem to possess any original ideas of his own. He merely contents himself with criticizing and contradicting the views advanced by "F. J. P." It is fortunate for the readers of the FREEMAN that the learned Sydney still liveth. Were he not here to enlighten them they would doubtless accept as true all that "F. J. P." has said concerning the public schools. Not one of them of course would have common sense enough to read and judge for himself, and hence it was important that some such brilliant genius as "Sydney" should assume the role of a second Moses and lead your readers out of the wilderness.

The gentleman asserts that in our village, which he represents as a place of great importance, we have everything in our own hands—that if the schools are not what they should be it is our own fault—that we have a majority of Catholics, etc. Fully one-third of our population are not Catholics, but belong to other religious denominations, and "Sydney" may as well understand that we, being a law-abiding people, do not attempt to enforce religious instruction in our schools when the law strictly forbids it. We practice the golden rule and advocate liberty of conscience in its broadest sense, and hence would scorn to take advantage of the minority simply because we have the power to do so.

The gentleman heads his production "Public Schools," but has the impudence to attack parochial schools, and intimates that I spoke of them as far superior to public schools. Now, the truth is, I did not mention parochial schools in my communication at all. He further says that those pupils who have been taught their prayers and catechism are the worst he ever saw, and that they do not make better citizens or better Christians than those who failed to obtain such instruction. He charges me with being inconsistent, and claims to be consistent himself. Strange consistency, indeed, that a child instructed to pray, to know the catechism and to understand the duty it owes to God and to God's creatures, does not grow up a better citizen and a better Christian than the one who is reared without any religious instruction whatever! He still further alleges that those who have been educated in parochial schools will curse and swear, fight and steal, far more readily than those who have been educated at the public schools. He cries consistency. Is this consistency? Is it consistent with truth to say that a child taught to shun those vices would be more likely to practice them than those who received no religious instruction, and consequently have no conscientious scruples; for remember that if you give any religious instruction in school you disobey the law and outrage consistency.

The learned gentleman charges me with not being a true American. From the best information at my command, I was born and raised here, and here attended public schools and no other kind; paid Uncle Sam three hundred dollars during the late rebellion, and have never violated any of the laws of this State or of the United States. If anything else is required to make a man a *true American* I confess I do not know what it is. Perhaps the gentleman made a mistake, however, and intended to say *Native American*—one of those "down with the Pope and Popery" creatures who favor religious persecution, political chaos, free love, no marriage, and like iniquities. If he had said that I would have believed him.

"Sydney" says that I am opposed to justice, which, if true, is very unfortunate for the people of our borough, who recently elected me to the office of justice of the peace. Pity 'tis the learned gentleman did not enlighten them in time. Had they been so enlightened they surely would not have made such a mistake.

He says I am unworthy the protection of a free government. To answer this I must fall back on his boasted consistency. I have paid taxes for twenty years, part of the time very heavy ones, and now if I should need protection from a free government I am to be deemed unworthy of such a boon, notwithstanding he declares in another paragraph that I have the right to demand protection. Do you teach such doctrines in your boasted public schools?

This *great luminary* which shines so refulgently in behalf of public schools says that children learn and become hardened in almost every species of vice *long before* they are old enough to leave home. He also says that if you were to instruct such children six hours a day for all eternity you could not improve them. If he means such instruction as is generally imparted in the public schools, I fully agree with him. Otherwise I deny the assertion, and I do not believe, dear reader, that you are willing to admit that such is the case. A child is admitted to school at the age of six years, which is as soon as they come to the use of reason and are able to discern between right and wrong. The teacher then stands *loco parentis*, and will be held responsible by a just judge for the moral training of those committed to his care. Are you willing to admit that such a child is not susceptible of instruction and reformation in far less time than he asserts if the proper instruction is imparted? These last assertions are too ridiculous to merit further notice.

This very able gentleman likewise declares that we are compelled to pay taxes to support courts of justice, poor houses, public roads, etc. and have not a word of complaint to utter. Well, this is a poser in his estimation—and no doubt he thinks he has got me now. But I will answer him in this wise: We have no conscientious scruples against making use of the institutions named when necessary, neither are we forbidden (except by the gentleman himself, who says that I at least am unworthy of protection,) to use them when need be. We are very willing to pay taxes to support what is right and for the good of all classes without regard to race, creed, color, or "previous condition of servitude."

The talented "Sydney" censures me for referring only to our own village, and intimates that my remarks should have been more general. I hope he won't charge me this time with being too personal. I would wish to please him, inasmuch as he is the only correspondent of the FREEMAN who has deemed my production worthy of notice.

I see by the report of our county superintendent that but one professional certificate was granted during the past year. The lucky recipient must have been "Sydney," as he is the only one who seems to be able to interpret my article. He certainly must be the only one in Cambria county who was found competent to teach a public school!

Dear readers, I am ashamed to be forced to resentment in the vindication of what I firmly believe to be right—that is, the principles I advocated regarding the public schools. The gentleman does well to make much of the bridge that carries him safely across. Those from whom he derives his support he has a right to uphold. But I would advise him to endeavor to do it in a more honorable way, and not to abuse those who are ignorant, but rather to instruct and enlighten them, if he wishes to be considered worthy the name of a good teacher. But enough of this. We are commanded not to throw pearls before swine. I therefore beg pardon for having occupied so much space in answering him—space which might have been devoted to something more useful. I was not the aggressive party, but when attacked and misrepresented I claimed the right to respond. Anything further from his pen, however, will be treated by me in the same way that the Irishman accepted the kick from the donkey—I will consider the source. So good bye! Long life and many happy days!

And now, in conclusion, permit me to say that I still hold to the opinion expressed in my former letter, i. e., that after eighty years' experience of the public school system, we are sorry to say that it is a failure, and that society is growing worse and crime of the most atrocious character becoming more widespread. In these assertions I am backed by some of the best writers in the commonwealth. State Superintendent Wiedersham says in his annual report that out of 15,033 teachers only 374 were found to have a thorough knowledge of reading, writing, arithmetic, geography and grammar, and possessing that practical experience which alone insures success. Our worthy Co. Sup't leaves us to infer, if he does not say it in so many words, that there is only one in Cambria county. But the friends of the cause tell us that the system is all right—that the fault is our own if the schools fail to give satisfaction. The County Superintendent cries out for wise legislation. This wise legislation, in my opinion, would be to give each religious denomination the right to control their own schools and employ their own teachers. Then children would receive a religious as well as a secular education. I still hold to the opinion that the system is unjust to Catholics. A Catholic is bound in conscience to have his child thoroughly instructed in his religion. To accomplish this it is absolutely necessary in this day and generation that the school should take a leading part. This religious instruction is the 'one thing necessary,' and as the public schools do not furnish such instruction, it is the greatest injustice to tax Catholics to support them. The system is opposed by us on the score of conscience and because we believe that the duty we owe to God, to our superiors and to ourselves forbid us to make use of them.

As regards compulsory attendance at school: I wish to say that, in my opinion, such a thing should not be even thought of in a free country.

F. J. P.

CHEST SPRINGS, March 9, 1874.

MR. EDITOR—Having heard the question proposed for debate, "Should our public schools be abolished?" I thought I would anticipate the discussion a little and send in an argument or two in support of the negative.

Now this is no trivial question, it seems to me, for momentous issues depend on its decision. The question might be stated in another form: Shall we go forward toward light and truth, or backward to darkness and error?

The world is progressive in every respect—even from the time when it was said "Let there be light!" down to the present moment.

According to Geology, the physical world is a progression, and who will say that the world of mind is not progressive? I think we know a little more about some things than the sons of Noah did. Take navigation, telegraphy and steam locomotion, not to mention printing and all that, as instances. Now, this point established, we will go on. Every man, woman and child has an intelligent mind as a general thing—a mind with a capacity for acquiring knowledge and searching out the mysteries of nature—and they surely tend toward the brute creation when mind is neglected. What gives man superiority? Knowledge, of one kind or another, is the indisputable answer. This being the case, the means of acquiring knowledge should be as free to all as light, air, or water. Any fountain of knowledge at which *all* may not drink will not suit a free and enlightened people. It might do in Hindostan and other oriental countries, where castes are in vogue, and where one part of mankind are slaves of the other portion; but here in Pennsylvania it "won't work." Religious schools would be "just the thing" if all persons thought alike. That time has not come yet, however; so we had better confine religion to the Church, Sabbath school, and kindred places, where there will be no dispute about it. In acquiring secular knowledge all meet on a common level, where there can be no dispute; and we want schools where such knowledge is imparted. When the millenium arrives we can have religious schools—not till then—and suit *all*. Citizens of the United States, each and *all*, have equal rights, and we want a school system that will suit *all*.

Some one says that the government might as well establish a sanitary commission, or something of that kind, to look after the health of the people, as a free school system. Now that is simply nonsense, for that duty is already performed by the medical fraternity, who, it is but just to say, fill the position admirably. We do not want a better institution. And as for "hygiene," why there is not an almanac printed that is not full of it; but the people have *all* to be educated before they can read and apply the instruction. You see the importance of general education with regard to health; therefore there should be no "bone of contention" thrown into the public schools that might exclude some. A pay school system has been mentioned as a substitute for our present free schools, but it can be easily seen that such a system could not be general or public, or accomplish the "greatest good for the greatest number." An aristocracy would be formed to "lord it" over the "poor folks." The poor man could not afford to pay for the education of his children. Knowledge would become a matter of dollars and cents *so* far as weal mortals could control it. The poor should have some chance in life, and not have to moil day in and day out—abstain from the luxuries and often the necessaries of life—and have to remain in ignorance too. The public school system forever which gives a poor man a chance!

A country pay school teacher, it seems to me, would have a hard time of it between "taking it out in trade" and trying to please "all hands." He would, undoubtedly, receive "monkey's allowance,"—"more kicks than ha'pence."

Again, who would examine the country pay school teacher? Any director, who being a good farmer or mechanic, might *play* examiner, for of course a knowledge of *books* is to be scouted by a *smart* man! He may not have a knowledge of arithmetic, but that is nothing—"he can count it up in his head." Grammer is mere folly, and as to geography, that is an outlandish study and the *height of nonsense*! So you see that the examination might be brought down to a "fine point." To be able to write big pot-hooks would be a first-class recommendation to a country pay school board of examiners; but, "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," says the poet—and "so mought it be."

However, the order of nature seems to be progression—ever forward, and never "sticking in the mud." Give us free schools and no frauds! The faults of a pay school system may be epitomized in a few words: They would not accomplish the "greatest good to the greatest number." Then, as religious schools are not practicable, and as pay schools won't suit, we had better keep the "bird in the hand" and let those "in the bush" go. Every human being should be trained in the light of knowledge because they have capacity therefor. This needs no proving—it is self-evident.

And, finally, as long as we have free schools for *all*, all men will be free—know their best interests and be capable of governing themselves. Banish the free schools, and what will follow? Why the poor man will take the place in society which he occupies in some countries of Europe—a nonentity in voice, in everything.

But I am sure Pennsylvanians know their best interests too well to be duped into any other system than the one they have—improvements of course always welcome. A. D. H.

A PLAGIARISM EXPOSED.

WILMORE, March 12, 1874.

EDITOR FREEMAN—*Dear Sir:* In your issue of this date I see an obituary notice over the *nom de plume* of "G. F. L." To the notice itself I have nothing to say; but the appended verses are purloined from "Lines on the Death of A. J. Maguire," written by *me*, May 25, 1872, and published in the FREEMAN a few days thereafter. That your readers may the more readily discover the fraud, I reproduce from the original the stolen verses:

Oh, Death! thou dread destroyer,
Thou hast winged thy fatal dart;
In the morning of his manhood
It hast pierced his gentle heart.
Like a flower plucked in Spring time,
Thou hast nipped him in his bloom,
And has left his mother weeping
O'er his dark and silent tomb.

* * * * * * * *

But, dear friend, we'll not forget thee,
Though we've laid thee in thy grave;
Sweet forgiveness for thy spirit
Of the Saviour we will crave.
We will chant the "Miserere"—
We will sing thy requiem—
Will invoke the saints and angels,
That thy place may be with them.

"G. F. L." has adapted the above verses to his subject by substituting "parents" for "*mother*" in the first and "uncle" for "*friend*" in the last verse; and by having them printed without quotation marks, leaves it to be inferred that the lines in question are his or her own production. In this, however, my plagiaristic friend has most signally failed, inasmuch as the authorship of the pilfered verses is too well established to admit of such a conclusion.

I do not look upon my poetical effort on that sad occasion as a literary achievement, as I was then, as I am now, only a *novice* in the school of the Muses. I presume, however, I will be pardoned for esteeming its sentiments too highly to allow others to plagiarise it with impunity.

Very respectfully,
JOHN M'CORMICK.

UTOPIA, March 16, 1874.

EDITOR FREEMAN—I am a constant reader of your very good paper and have taken special interest in reading the numerous communications in regard to our common schools. Some who have written seem to be infected with a disease termed *cacoethes scribendi*. I firmly believe that a few of the leading men in our county could do more towards adjusting points at issue on this question than volumes of bitter recriminations would ever accomplish. We can settle our little differences, surely, without wounding charity or raising strife among peaceable neighbors. Let the storm rage as it may outside, be it our pride to say, "All is peace in our own mountainous Cambria!" What say ye, friends? Shall it be so?

Yours. ROVER.

## ORPHANS' COURT SALE!

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria County, to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale, at the Hotel of Wm. Linton, in Summitville, on

Saturday, the 18th day of April next,

AT 2 O'CLOCK, P. M., the following real estate, of which JAMES M. RIFFEL died seized, to wit:

No. 3. Being a House and Lot Ground

situate in the Borough of Summitville, in Cambria County, on the southerly side of the old Allegheny Portage Rail Road, described as follows: Beginning at a post on Railroad street, a corner of Lot No. 31; thence along said street sixty feet to corner of Lot No. 29; thence along an alley sixty feet to a post, corner of Lot No. 31; thence by said Lot to the place of beginning—being Lot No. 30 on the plan of said Borough.

☞ The House is a LARGE TWO-STORY FRAME DWELLING, well adapted for keeping boarders, with Stable and other outbuildings on the premises.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-half the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of the sale and the balance in one year thereafter, with interest, to be secured by the mortgage and judgment bond of the purchaser.

WM. H. SECHLER,
Adm'r of JAMES M. RIFFEL, dec'd.
[3-20.-3t.]

NOTICE.—The annual election of a Board of Trustees of the Ebensburg Academy will be held at the Court House, in Ebensburg, on MONDAY, the 6th day of April next, between the hours of 1 and 3 P. M.
[3-20.-3t.] JNO. E. SCANLAN, Sec'y.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE COT BY THE RIVER.

There's a cot stands by the river—
By the river in the dell;
Had that cot the pow'r of speaking,
What a story it could tell.

It could tell of pain and sorrow,
Borne with patience in that cot;
With their only joy in thinking
Of a better, happier lot.

It could tell of nights of waking—
Waiting sadly and in tears—
For the man they called their father—
Mother, they had none for years.

Hark! his footsteps—now they hear him
Mutt'ring curses as he come;
From his breath and from his clothing
There's an odor strong of rum.

But this odor they don't notice,
For to them 'tis nothing strange;
If he once came home without it
They would notice quick the change.

"Where's my supper?" to his daughter
Thus he speaks; "quick, get me some."
"We have nothing for you, father—
All is eaten, every crumb.

"For ourselves, we've eaten nothing
Since our supper late last night,
And the children here are starving—
Father, tell me, is this right?

"Is it right that we should suffer?—
Suffer daily without end,
While you at the cursed rum-shop
All your money freely spend?"

This, and more, the cot could tell us
Of the wrongs it's witness'd there;
But it cannot—still it's standing,
Silent, desolate and bare.

CRESSON, March 18, 1874.

NOTICE.—I hereby give notice that I have this day bought from DEMETRIUS A. MCDERMITT, 2 cows, 1 stove, 1 clock, 2 bedsteads and bedding, which I have left with him during my pleasure. SAMUEL WILL.
Clearfield Twp., March 11, 1874. [3-20.-3t.*]

Portage NAIL WORKS,

Duncansville, Blair Co., Pa.

NAILS.

THE above Works, being again operated by the undersigned, offers to the trade a full supply of their justly celebrated NAILS at lowest prices.
JOHN MUSSELMAN.
Duncansville, March 13, 1874.-3m.

BRIDGE LETTING.—Sealed Proposals will be received at the Commissioners' Office, in Ebensburg, until 12 o'clock, M., March 31st, inst., for the erection of a Bridge over Chest Creek, at the mills of M. J. Nagle, in Carroll township. The Plan of said Bridge can be seen in Commissioners' Office. The Commissioners reserve the right to reject all bids.

A. ANNA,
W. D. McCLELLAND, } Commissioners.
E. GLASS,
Attest—J. A. KENNEDY, Clerk. [3-13.-3t.]

TRUSTEE'S NOTICE.—The undersigned having been appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County Trustee of H. D. Raggs, an insolvent debtor discharged under the insolvent laws of this commonwealth: Therefore all persons indebted to said H. D. Raggs, or holding property belonging to him, are hereby required to pay and deliver such sums of money and property due said insolvent to the undersigned Trustee, and all creditors of said insolvent are hereby requested to present their respective accounts to said Trustee.
T. W. DICK, Trustee.
Ebensburg, March 20, 1874.-4t.

LORETTO MARBLE WORKS

PRICES REDUCED!

MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES, BUREAU and TABLE TOPS; also, Designs for Scotch Granite Monuments. We desire to invite the attention of the public to our beautiful Designs for Monuments and Tombstones, made of the very best Italian and American Marbles, and which will be furnished at as low rates as similar work can be obtained in Philadelphia or elsewhere. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed, and work shipped to any point at our risk. All orders from a distance will be promptly attended to. Remember that our designs and our work will compare favorably with any in the State. WILKINSON & KELLY.
Loretto, March 13, 1874.-tf.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

J. C. TROUT, for use of MICHAEL COOPER vs. JACOB NAGLE and ALBERT NAGLE.—In the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County.

And now, 11th February, 1874, on motion of Shoemaker & Sechler, W. Horace Rose, Esq., appointed Auditor to report distribution of the fund in Court. This appointment with consent of both parties.

24 March, 1874, the above appointment continued of the Auditor to report at the Argument Court.

Extract from the Record.
J. K. HITE, Prothonotary.

For the purpose of attending to the duties of the above appointment, I will sit at the Court House, in Ebensburg, on WEDNESDAY, April 1st, 1874, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where those interested are invited to attend.
[3-13.-3t.] W. HORACE ROSE, Auditor.

## Orphans' Court Sale.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, there will be exposed to public sale, at the hotel of Lawrence Schroth, in the Borough of Carrolltown, on

SATURDAY, the 1st day of April next,

at 2 o'clock, P. M. the following described real estate, to wit:

A CERTAIN PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND

situate in the Township of Susquehanna, County of Cambria, adjoining lands of Henry Weakland, Joseph Holtz, John Bearer, and others, containing

One Hundred Acres,

more or less, about 60 ACRES cleared, well fenced, abundantly watered, and in a high state of cultivation, with a thriving ORCHARD of choice fruit thereon. The improvements consist of a two story PLANK HOUSE, LOG BARN, and other necessary buildings.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, one-third in one year thereafter, with interest, and the remaining third to remain as a lien on the premises during the lifetime of Jacob Luther, the interest thereon to be paid to him annually during his lifetime, and at his death the principal to be paid to the heirs and legal representatives of Magdalen Luther, dec'd, formerly Magdalen Davis—payments to be secured by mortgage and judgment bonds of the purchaser.

JOHN H. DOUGLASS,
Guardian of the minor children of Magdalen Luther, deceased. [3-13.-3t.]

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE!

Estate of Andrew Callaghan, dec'd.

Letters of Administration on the estate of said decedent, late of Chest Springs borough, Cambria county, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

A. CALLAGHAN, JR., } Adm'rs.
H. J. HAIDS,
Chest Springs, Feb. 20, 1874.-6t.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

Estate of PETER SCHIRA, dec'd.

Letters testamentary on the estate of said decedent, late of Carroll township, Cambria county, having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted thereto, that immediate payment of their indebtedness must be made; and those having claims against said estate are requested to present them duly probated for settlement.

BARBARA WEILAND, Executrix.
LAWRENCE WEILAND, Executor.
Carroll Twp., March 18, 1874.-6t.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

Estate of AUG. FARENBAUGHER.

Letters testamentary to the estate of Augustine Farenbaugher, late of Carrolltown borough, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN BUCK,
BENJ. WERTNER, } Executors.
Carrolltown, March 18, 1874.-6t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of NANCY CARNEY, dec'd.

Letters of Administration on the estate of Nancy Carney, late of Munster township, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, all debts due to said estate must be paid to me without delay, and all claims against the same should be properly authenticated and presented to me for settlement.

JOSEPH CRISTE, Administrator.
Summit, March 13, 1874.-6t.*

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE!

Estate of EDWARD WILLIAMS, dec'd.

Letters of Administration on the estate of said decedent, late of Munster township, Cambria county, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

GARRET KIRWIN, Administrator.
Munster Twp., Feb. 20, 1874.-6t.*

### A CENTURY AGO.

How odd this new year date appears! It was, of course, just as odd a century ago, and yet 1774 looks very old and indifferent to us. It was, however, a rough year in American politics, and a wondrous era was just about to open upon the world. How many men of subsequent note were then living in obscurity? Tom Paine was an humble exciseman in England; Washington was chiefly known as an opulent planter and land surveyor; Nathaniel Green, who was to be one of his efficient co-operators in the war of independence, was working at a blacksmith forge in Rhode Island; Alexander Hamilton was studying law, an ambitious youth of seventeen, while Aaron Burr had left college and was sojourning with "Old Father Bellamy," as he was called. He was then under the power of serious thought, which he soon cast away, and it never returned. Father Bellamy was a noted divine, whose name still lives in church history. George III was a young man of thirty-three, and had been even then compelled to submit to the stern invective of Junius and the bold republicanism of John Wilkes—preparations for the more painful humiliation of acknowledging the independence of his thirteen colonies. Walter Scott was a lame, uncouth boy, whose head was soon to be filled with traditions and border ballads. Napoleon was one of a thriving family in humble life, and was, in five years, to enter the military school of Brienne. An Irish lad, then hardly in his breeches, was subsequently the famous Wellington. "What terrible men th se boys become!" one inevitably exclaims. Voltaire and Rousseau were the chief writers in Europe, and the latter was soon to be lifted by death to almost a literary apothesis. Gibbon, then in his thirty-seventh year, was working on the first part of his "Decline and Fall," and had become a member of the house of commons. Hume was approaching his end. In navigation, Captain Cook had just sailed around the globe and his dead body was soon to find a grave in the Sandwich Islands, murdered much as General Canby was by Captain Jack. The Great Republic of the United States was then merely a patriotic dream, cherished most of all by John Adams and a few kindred spirits. The united population of Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Boston, Newport, and Savannah, was not more than 40,000, and the wealth of Cincinnati is equal to that of the entire colonies at that time, in which indeed there was not a bank. The only American of foreign note was Benjamin Franklin, who had reached distinction as a man of science. He was then living in London as agent of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, and continually startling the government by his adroit diplomacy. Whitfield, the greatest preacher the world has seen since the apostolic time, was just closing his glorious career. In Continental Europe, Frederick the Great had recently elevated Prussia from a duchy to a kingdom, while Louis the XVI was about to ascend the throne from which he was to be removed by the guillotine. Such are some of the outlines of the year 1774, which, as all know, was the opening of a wonderful era. The world has progressed somewhat since then, but what further developments may not be before us?

* * *

How to Make Oil Lamps Safe.—A correspondent of the New York Tribune writing from Baltimore says: There are a great many accidents happening every day from the use of kerosene. I will tell you a method by which they can be to a great extent prevented, and I hope you will publish it for the benefit of poor people who are obliged to buy cheap oils. If the body of the lamp is filled with cotton such as jewelers use to wrap their articles in, after it is stuffed lightly it will still receive one-half the quantity of oil which it would hold if the cotton were not put in. If any accident happens, the oil cannot spill or flow about, but is, as it were, "sopped up" in the cotton, which burns like fagot, but all in one place.

The other night, as the gas was execrable, as it generally is, I lighted a large glass kerosene lamp, which had a glass globe about five inches in diameter, holding over a pint of oil. This I filled with cotton, and I could pour in nearly a pint of oil before it became too wet. As I opened a window, a cold gust of air came in, and striking against the hot surface of the glass—at least I suppose so—the globe suddenly cracked and fell apart, and a mass of flame, about as big as your head, jumped out upon the floor and flamed out about a yard. I immediately covered it with the slop-bucket as an extinguisher, and with the help of the water pitcher and some wet towels, had it out in five minutes with no damage done. If the lamp had not had the cotton in it, I should not be writing to you now, unless you can receive communications from the other world.

* * *

How to Make a Harrow.—To make a square harrow in two parts, hinged together in the center, take four pieces of 4x4 oak or maple scantling six feet long, and eight pieces three feet long. Mortice the shorter pieces into the longer ones twenty inches apart and six inches from each end, thus making two frames or gates six feet long, three feet wide, and with four cross-bars each. Hinge the two gates together by means of the pair of eyebolts with a long rod passing thro' each. Put five teeth 12 inches long and ¾ inch thick, of square iron rod, into each cross-bar, and three teeth into each main bar between the cross bars. There will then be 52 teeth. This harrow should be drawn from one corner.

NEW STORE Building, 113 and 115 Clinton St., JOHNSTOWN.

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN.

Having purchased largely for cash, and many of our goods having been bought since the Panic, we are able to offer

EXTRA BARGAINS!

AND OUR CUSTOMERS SHALL HAVE THE BENEFIT.

*We will sell at prices to make the money of our patrons go as far as possible.*

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN ALPACAS AND Waterproofs.

COME AND SEE THE GOODS AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES!

Goods bought before the Panic are MARKED Down TO SUIT THE TIMES.

VELVETEENS AT HALF THE USUAL PRICE.

Wholesale Department *ON SECOND FLOOR.*

GOODS AT NEW YORK AND PHIL'A PRICES —AT— Geis, Foster & Quinn's, Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton St., Johnstown.

Look at the Prices.

HEAVY BLACK ALPACAS, NEWLY OPENED, At 25, 30, 35, 40, 45 and 50 Cts.

ELEGANT WATERPROOFS! IN ALL NEW COLORS! Navy Blue, New Green, New Brown, GOLD MIXED AND GREEN MIXED WATERPROOFS At the Reduced Price.

BLACK WATERPROOFS at 75 Cts.

FLANNELS!

*RED AND WHITE FLANNEL,*
*OPERA FLANNEL,*
*BARRED FLANNEL,*
*Heavy Gray Twilled Flannel,*
*Yard Wide Country Flannel,*
*Rob Roy and Blue Flannels.*

FELT SKIRTS from 75c. to $2.

BALMORAL SKIRTS VERY CHEAP.

LADIES', MISSES AND CHILDREN'S WOOLEN HOSE! AT LOWEST PRICES, AT Geis, Foster & Quinn's, Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton St., Johnstown.

G. C. K. ZAHM,

—DEALER IN—

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES GENERALLY KEPT IN A COUNTRY STORE.

WOOL AND COUNRY PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

Store on South Side of Main Street, Ebensburg, Pa.

EBENSBURG BOOK, DRUG and VARIETY STORE.

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess. Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.

Cigars and Tobaccos,

Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

☞ We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.

Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail. LEMMON & MURRAY,

July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

Andrew Moses,
DRAPER & TAILOR,
CLINTON STREET,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

A CARD.

EBENSBURG WOOLEN FACTORY

AS interested parties have been reporting in the northern part of this county that our rates for manufacturing Woolen Goods, &c., are much higher than they really are we deem it necessary for our own protection and for the information of the public to publish the following

LIST OF PRICES.

| | |
|---|---|
| Blankets | $3.50 per pair. |
| Flannels | 30 and 35 cts. per yard. |
| Cassimeres | 50 cts. per yard. |
| Satinetts | 50 cts. per yard. |
| Carding and Spinning | 20 cts. per lb. |
| Carding | 7 " " |

T. M. JONES & SONS,

July 18, 1873.-tf. Ebensburg Woolen Factory.

G. W. YEAGER & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Manufacturers of

TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE,

AND DEALERS IN

Heating, Parlor and Cooking Stoves,

*No. 1402 Eleventh Avenue,*

Altoona, Pa.

ROOFING and SPOUTING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material.

Orders respectfully solicited and promptly attended to, and polite attention accorded to all, whether they purchase or not.

Altoona, Sept. 5, 1873.-tf.

EBENSBURG WOOLEN FACTORY!

HAVING introduced new machinery into our Woolen Factory, we are now prepared to manufacture on short notice, CLOTHS, CASSINETS, BLANKETS, FLANNELS of all styles STOCKING YARNS, &c., &c.

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked on shares. Market price paid for wool.

T. M. JONES & SONS.

Ebensburg, Feb. 24, 1872.-tf.

M. J. BUCK, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon.

CARROLLTOWN, PA.

Office in rear of John Buck's store. Night calls may be made the residence of JOHN BUCK, Esq. [April 4, 1873.-tf.]

J. GALLITZIN LAKE,

Attorney-at-Law,

*Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa.*

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law,* Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [aug 27, '72.]

CRUMBS OF COMFORT

Are a modern stove polish, far better than any other in existence.

Are better, because they give a finer gloss than any other polish.

Yield a brilliant silvery sheen with less than half the labor required when other polishes are used.

Are a neat and cleanly article, making no dirt nor dust when used.

Can be used even in the parlor without the trouble of removing furniture or carpets.

Has no disagreeable sulphurous or strong acid smell when prepared for use, but are pleasant and harmless.

Are put up in neat style and in a form more convenient for use than any other polish.

In each box are 12 sticks; 1 stick is sufficient for any stove—thus all waste is saved.

Are the cheapest polish in the market, because one box at 10 cents will cover as much surface as 25 cents' worth of the old polishes.

Have just taken the 1st premium at the Indianapolis Exposition in competition with several of the best of the old stove polishes.

Buy CRUMBS OF COMFORT of your storekeeper, if he has them, or will procure them for you; if not, send us one dollar, your name, and the name of your nearest express station, and we will send you ten boxes, and samples of Bartlett's Blacking and Pearl Blueing, free of cost.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT can be had of all Wholesale Grocers and Dealers in the United States, and Retail Dealers will find them the most profitable, from the fact that they are the fastest selling article of the kind in the market.

*H. A. BARTLETT & CO.,*

115 North Front St., Philadelphia.
43 CHAMBERS ST., NEW YORK.
45 CHAMBERS ST., BOSTON. [11-14.-3mcom.]

THE GREAT CAUSE —OF— Human Misery.

*Just Published, in a Sealed Envelope. Price 6 cts.*

A lecture on the nature, treatment and radical cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhoea, induced by Self-Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c.—By ROBT. J. CULVERWELL, M. D., Author of the "Green Book," &c.

The world-renowned author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without medicines, and without dangerous surgical operations, bougies, instruments, rings or cordials; pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

☞ *This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.*

Sent under seal, to any address, in a plain sealed envelope, on the receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps.

Address the Publishers,

CHAS. J. C. KLINE & CO.,

127 Bowery, New York; Post-Office Box 4586.

OLENA!

*The best Oil in the world for machinery.*
*It will not chill.*
*It will not gum.*
*It is equal to the best Lard Oil.*
*If you have any kind of Machinery, ask for OLENA; and if you cannot buy it at home, send for a circular and price list to*

PAINE, ABLETT & TRIPP,

OIL MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS

*No. 360 Penn Avenue,*

Pittsburgh, Pa.

CRAWFORD HOUSE,

EBENSBURG, PA.

John Fitzharris, - Proprietor.

HAVING leased and refurnished the above well known and popular hotel, the proprietor is now amply prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage. The best that the market affords will be served at the Table at all seasons, the Bar will be kept constantly supplied with the choicest liquors, and the commodious Stable will be under the charge of a careful and attentive hostler. No effort will be spared to render guests comfortable and well pleased in every particular, and by proper attention to business and a moderate scale of prices the proprietor hopes to win his way to public favor. [May 2, 1873.-tf.]

Parke's Marble Works,

139 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in price, design and execution of work.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very lowest cash rates. Try us.

Oct. 24.-m.* JOHN PARKE.

MILLINERY & DRESS MAKING.—The attention of the Ladies of Ebensburg and vicinity is directed to the fact that MRS. R. E. JONES has just received an invoice of new and fashionable Millinery Goods, at her rooms, in the East Ward, Ebensburg. Wedding Bonnets, Hats, etc., a specialty. Dressmaking done. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.]

### AN EDITOR'S SENSATIONS.

The sensation of an editor on first glancing over his paper and detecting errors in it are somewhat different from those experienced by the reader on making like discoveries. The latter is either amused at the blunder or incensed at the carelessness which causes it, and in both cases arrives at the conclusion that the trouble is avoidable, and that the editor is to blame for not avoiding it.

He never saw an editor taking his first glance over a copy of the edition. Perhaps the edition is worked off when this opportunity is afforded the weary man. He has either trusted the proofs to some one else, or read them himself, but the feeling of dread is just as great in the latter as in the former case. The proof reader may not consult the copy, and so perpetuate the blunder of the compositor, and perhaps the compositor may neglect to undo the wrong he has done, although his attention is plainly called to it on the proof. When about to make this preparatory survey the editor does not take his cigar in his mouth and elevate his heels to the desk, as is the popular tradition. Dying men don't do that way, you know, and we have come to the conclusion that an editor examining his paper feels very much like a man feeling his way across a doubtful piece of ice. Suddenly his face becomes distorted with an awful pain. He doesn't cry out, he doesn't rant. The anguish within him is so broad and deep, and intense, that he dares not trust it to words. He just simply reaches up and takes a handful of his own hair, and tugs at it until the tears come to his eyes. Then he picks up the paper, which he has taken the precaution to kick across the room on discovering the errors, and resumes the torturing search; for after all it is but a search for errors and agony, and not an agreeable and instructive perusal. Suddenly he groans—not an expectant groan like from one who hopes for help to reach him through it, but the groan of one who is beyond the reach of hope, who feels that the warm sunshine, the kind glance of friendship, the beautiful flowers and the song of the birds are gone forever and forever from him. It is a smothering groan, accompanied by a kick out of the leg, as if the party had in that moment taken an eternal leave of all things earthy.

There is still another search with aching eyes and throbbing brain, and then the paper is smashed down on the floor, and the infuriated man bounds up from his chair, and catches both hands into his hair, and dances around like a madman. He doesn't call upon heaven and earth to witness what he is going to do, and to blight him if he should not do it. He doesn't dash into the composing room and scorch the men with his wrath. Even this slight relief is denied him. The paper is worked off, and the scrutiny that would cheerfully attack a needle in a haystack, would fall paralyzed before a search for the author of the great wrong. He doesn't say anything at all—not a single intelligible word escapes his ashen lips, as he holds his hair, and prances about in the dingy solitude of his room. And when he is done he sits down again and groans, and afterwards puts on his hat and rushes forth into the street—rushes anywhere to get away from the face of man, to get away from himself and everything belonging to himself.—*Danbury News.*

* * *

### *The Mistakes of a Night—A Kansas City Sensation.*

The Kansas City *News* says: There was a big excitement near Hovelman's store, on East Eighteenth street, a few nights ago. An aged couple and a bull dog reside there, and on the evening in question the peace and quiet of the two were disturbed by the aggressions of a vagrant cow that "hooked" open the gate and entered the enclosure. The old gentleman heard the noise made by the cow, jumped out of bed, grabbed his cane, loosed "Tiger," and attacked the cow. Now, this cow had a varied experience with all sorts of dogs throughout the city, and was especially proficient in the art of managing a bull-dog. So, just as the old man caught the bovine by the tail, the bovine lifted "Tiger" high in the air with her horns, and whisked out the gate with the old man still hanging to her caudal appendage, and beating her to his heart's content with his heavy cane. The old man and the cow went flying down the street, and "Tiger," after turning a somersault or two in the air, came down kersouse into the cistern in the yard, the top of which was open.

Now, the old lady, noticing that the noise in the yard had ceased, and wondering at the prolonged absence of her husband, stepped out into the yard to see what was the matter. She heard a splashing of water in the cistern, and, horror of horrors, (she thought) it was the old man!

Well! Well, her shrieks would have drowned out the sound of Gabriel's trumpet had that angel entered into competition with her. The neighbors, alarmed at the cries, gathered around her at once and in quite a crowd. "My husband's in the cistern!" she cried. "He can't swim! Oh, he'll be drowned! he'll be drowned!" and away went two or three for a ladder. The ladder was brought, placed in the cistern, and a man descended just as the old gentleman rushed in at the gate. He had heard a block or two away, just as he was returning from his chase after the cow, that some one had fallen into the cistern at his house, and he believed it was his wife, for who else could be about there? Seeing the crowd of sparsely dressed neighbors around the cistern (the old lady had swooned away by this time and been carried into the house), he ran into the house crying in the greatest agony: "Save her! for God's sake! Oh, my poor wife!" "Save the d—l!" exclaimed three or four in a breath: "your wife says you are in the cistern."

By this time the old lady had recovered sufficiently to resume her hysterical screaming again, and commenced yelling at a greater rate than ever, just as the man who went down into the cistern crawled out and exclaimed, "It's nothing but that d—d dog!"

The night was cold, the neighbors had not taken time to dress, and their bodies were as cold as their indignation was warm when they learned what had disturbed their rest and dragged them from their beds at such an untimely hour of the night. They had one consolation, however—there was as dead a dog as ever breathless lay.

* * *

—A strange story of a dream verified is going the rounds of the press. It reads in this wise: John Eiswirth and wife emigrated from Germany in 1848 and settled at Hartford. A year later, her brother wrote that he was coming to join them, but in the twenty-four years that have since elapsed they had heard nothing of him. The other night Mr. E. dreamed that he took a journey to a strange city, which, on inquiry, he found to be St. Louis. He met the long lost relative, and lunched with him. He awoke to find the journey and the interview to be a dream, but was so impressed that he wrote a letter to his brother-in-law, with the simple address of St. Louis. Strange to say, it reached him, and a meeting was forthwith arranged. This is novel if true; and what especial purpose Eiswirth could have in circulating it, if not true, is not apparent.

* * *

In what tone does a ghost speak? In a tombstone.

1873. FALL and WINTER! 1874.

THE LATEST SENSATION!

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES AT THE NEW EAGLE CLOTHING STORE OF M. H. NATHANSON & CO.,

(Lately occupied by H. WALTERS, deceased,)

231 and 233 MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Ebensburg and Northern Cambria generally, that they have just opened at the above named place a large, complete and elegant stock of FALL AND WINTER

CLOTHING AND GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS,

Consisting of such articles as BLACK AND BLUE CLOTH SUITS, CASSIMERE SUITS for men and boys, fine ENGLISH KERSEY OVERCOATS, in blue, brown, olive and lighter colors, and a general assortment of COATS, PANTS and VESTS of all textures, styles and prices, besides a full line of HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS, VALISES, UMBRELLAS, &c.—all which will positively be be sold at 15 per cent. less than prevailing prices in Johnstown. We also make to order from the finest and most stylish goods any article of clothing desired, and that too at short notice and on the most reasonable terms. WE MANUFACTURE ALL OUR OWN GOODS, which enables us to sell cheaper than any other house in Cambria county. Please give us a call when you visit our town, and judge from our stock and prices whether it will not pay you to deal with us. OVERCOATS and CUSTOM-MADE WORK our leading specialties, and "QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS" the basis upon which we do business. COME AND SEE!

DON'T FORGET THE PLACE--231 and 233 MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN.

Sept. 19, 1873.-6m. M. H. NATHANSON & CO.

ESTABLISHED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

FRANK W. HAY

Manufacturer,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

—OF—

TIN, COPPER,

—AND—

Sheet-Iron WARES,

AND DEALER IN

HEATING PARLOR and COOKING STOVES, Sheet Metals,

—AND—

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Wood, Morrell & Co.,

WASHINGTON STREET,

Near Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa.,

*Wholesale and Retail Dealers in*

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS

MILLINERY GOODS,

HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
IRON AND NAILS
CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE,
WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE

PROVISIONS and FEED, ALL KINDS,

Together with all manner of Western Produce such as FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT CARBON OIL, &c., &c.

☞ Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.

JOHNSTOWN FURNITURE EMPORIUM.

WM. P. PATTON,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

—ALL KINDS OF—

CABINET FURNITURE

*JOHNSTOWN, PA.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Bureaus, | Cane Chairs, |
| Bedsteads, | Wood Seat Chairs, |
| Washstands, | Kitchen Furniture, |
| Sideboards, | Bed Lounges, |
| Chamber Sets, | Mattresses, |
| Parlor Sets, | Tete-a-Tetes, |
| Wardrobes, | Extension Tables, |
| Book Cases, | Dining Tables, |
| Lounges, | Cupboards, |

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE

made to order in excellent st e and at low prices. Cabinet and hairmakers' materials of all kinds for sale. Furniture delivered at any point in Johnstown or at Railroad Station free of extra charge. WM. P. PATTON.

Johnstown, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

LOGAN'S MARBLE WORKS

131 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

JOHN W. LOGAN, - Proprietor.

MONUMENTS, HEAD AND TOMB STONES, COUNTER AND CABINET SLABS, AND MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Perfect satisfaction in work, design and price guaranteed.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly exe ted. [Johnstown, Nov. 11, '71.-tf.]

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES —TO— CASH BUYERS —AT THE— Ebensburg House-Furnishing STORE.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Ebensburg and the public generally that he has made a GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES TO CASH BUYERS on all goods in his line, consisting of

MOWING and REAPING MACHINES

AND OTHER FARMING IMPLEMENTS;

COOKING, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES

of the most popular designs and of all styles, prices and qualities;

TINWARE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION!

of my own manufacture;

HARDWARE, ALL KIND!

such as Locks, Screws, Butt Hinges, Shutter Hinges, Table Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Window Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks, Carving Knives and Forks, Pocket Knives, Table and Tea Spoons, Meat Cutters, Apple Parers, Scissors, Shears, Razors and Strops, Hammers, Axes, Hatchets, Boring Machines, Augurs, Chisels, Planes, Compasses, Squares, Files, Rasps, Anvils, Vises, Wrenches, Rip, Panel and Cross-Cut Saws, Chains of all kinds, Shovels, Spades, Scythes and Snaths, Rakes, Forks, Sleigh Bells, Shoe Lasts, Pegs, Wax, Bristles, Clothes Washers and Wringers, Patent Churns and Patent Machines generally, Grind Stones, Patent Molasses Gates and Measures, Lumber Sticks, Cast Steel Bills, Shot Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Powder, Caps, Lead, Horse Shoes and Nails, Old Stove Plates, Grates and Fire Bricks, Well and Cistern Pumps, &c., &c.;

Harness and Saddlery Ware

of all kind, in great variety;

WOOD and WILLOW WARE

beyond description;

*CARBON OIL and OIL LAMPS,*

Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Linseed Oil, Lubricating Oil, Rosin, Tar, Paints, Varnishes, Turpentine, Alcohol, &c.; Silver-Plated Ware, Glassware, &c.

Family Groceries,

such as Teas, Coffee, Sugars, Syrups Molasses, Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples, Hominy, Fish, Crackers, Rice, Pearl Barley, &c.

Tobacco and Cigars.

Paint, Varnish, Whitewash, Scrub, Horse, Shoe, Stove, Dusting, Clothes and Tooth Brushes, all kinds and sizes; Bed-Cords, Manilla Ropes, and many other articles, at the *lowest rates for cash.*

HOUSE SPOUTING

made, painted and put up as cheap as possible, FOR CASH. ☞ A liberal discount made to country dealers buying Tinware by wholesale.

GEORGE HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, July 25, 1873.-tf.

Stoves! Stoves!

AT GREATLY

Reduced Prices!

THE UNDERSIGNED WILL SELL STOVES FROM THIS DATE AT REDUCED RATES FOR CASH

AS FOLLOWS:

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| *No.* | *9* | *Ironsides,* | - - - | *$40.00* |
| " | *8* | " | - - - | *36.00* |
| " | *7* | " | - - - | *32.00* |
| " | *9* | *Improved National,* | | *35.00* |
| " | *8* | " | " | *30.00* |
| " | *9* | *Speer's Anti-Dust,* | - | *44.00* |
| " | *8* | " | " | *40.00* |
| " | *7* | " | " | *36.00* |
| " | *9* | *Duquesne* | " | *35.00* |
| " | *8* | " | " | *30.00* |

ALSO, A LARGE LOT OF

PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES,

WHICH WILL BE DISPOSED OF

AT COST FOR CASH!

GEO. HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, Nov. 21, 1873.-tf.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE

Cooking Stoves, Heating Stoves.

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE

Having recently taken possession of the newly fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of

Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves

of the most approved designs.

☞ SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

VALLIE LUTRINGER.

Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

FIRST NATIONAL SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP OF CAMBRIA COUNTY, High street, (opposite Union School House,) West Ward, Ebensburg.—M. M. O'NEILL & Co., Proprietors. *Saddles* and *Harness* made and repaired and all other work in my line executed in the best manner, on the shortest notice, and at the most reasonable rates. [1-12.-tf.]

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon.

EBENSBURG, PA.

Office on High street, nearly opposite Blair's Hotel. Residence in Town Hall, Julian street, where night calls should be made. [4-4.-tf.]

### *A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.*

One hundred and ten years ago there was not a single white man in what is now Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana or Illinois. Then what is now the most flourishing part of the United States, was as little known as the country in the heart of Africa itself. It was not till 1776 that Boone left his home in North Carolina to become the first settler in Kentucky. And the first pioneers of Ohio did not settle till twenty years later still. A hundred years ago Canada belonged to France, and Washington was a modest Virginia colonel, and the United States the most loyal part of the British Empire, and scarcely a speck on the political horizon indicated the struggle that in a score of years was to lay the foundation of the greatest Republic of the world.

A hundred years ago there were four small newspapers in America, steam engines had not been imagined, and locomotives and steamboats, railroads and telegraphs, and post cards, and friction matches and revolvers, and percussion caps and breech-loading guns, and stoves and furnaces, and gas for dwellings, and india rubber shoes, and Spaulding's glue, and sewing machines, and ... and photographs, and ... ings, and kerosene oil and the ... lamp, and compound blow-pipe and free schools, and spring mattresses and wood-engraving, and ... and cotton and woolen factories, anything like the present meaning of these terms, were utterly unknown.

A hundred years ago the spinning wheel was in almost every family, clothing was spun and woven and made up in the household, and the printing press was a crude machine, worked by hand, and a brick, or knife, or a pair of scissors, or a razor, ... stockings, or an axe or hoe, ... or a lock or key, or a plate ... any size, was not made in ... the United States. Even ... there were only seventy-five ... in the country, and the whole ... of our postal routes ... teen hundred miles.

Cheap postage was not heard of; had any one suggested the transmission of messages with lightning ... he would have been ... sane. The microscope ... hand, and the telescope ... were in their infancy ... science; and geology ... were almost unknown ... is true that to the ... been allotted more ... their bearing on the ... piness of mankind ... which has elapsed ... the world.

* * *

A HANDY DEVICE FOR TEAMS.—Our country roads, as a ... thing, become well blocked ... and mud in winter, rend... ing of heavy machinery, ... or other large loads, no ... upon ordinary teams. A ... labor and hard tugging ... if every wagon or truck ... with 160 feet of stout ... gle pulley. A snatch block ... best, arranged with a ...